

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEA

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THE FORUM OF THE YOUNGEST SONS

ROMAN DISCOVERY IN LONDON

A Look Back to the Great City
of Caesar's Day

AMID STREAMING LONDON'S CENTRAL ROAR

In a happy phrase we were told the other day that Englishmen are Rome's youngest sons.

It has not been long before the youngest sons have discovered one of the gifts which Rome raised and with which she dowered the people she ruled and taught. Beneath the crowded ways of the City have been found the remains of the Forum of Londinium.

It was here that the Senators of Rome's British colony met. Here were laid the foundations of that free speech which, modified by the Saxon Parliament and other institutions, persisted till it emerged into the Parliament that has been a model for all free peoples since.

London Without Fogs

Every son of England has a drop of the old Roman blood in his veins, and when he walks among the tall offices and banks and shops of Gracechurch Street and Lombard Street, Leadenhall and King William Street, it ought to tingle in his finger-tips.

When the Forum was built the citadel was complete; strong walls surrounded the strong city, a bridge crossed the silver, shining Thames, which ran past with many a curve and gravelly beach. There were no fogs, because there were no coal fires. It was a pleasant city then, and Rome raised for her peace-loving colony a Forum worthy of it.

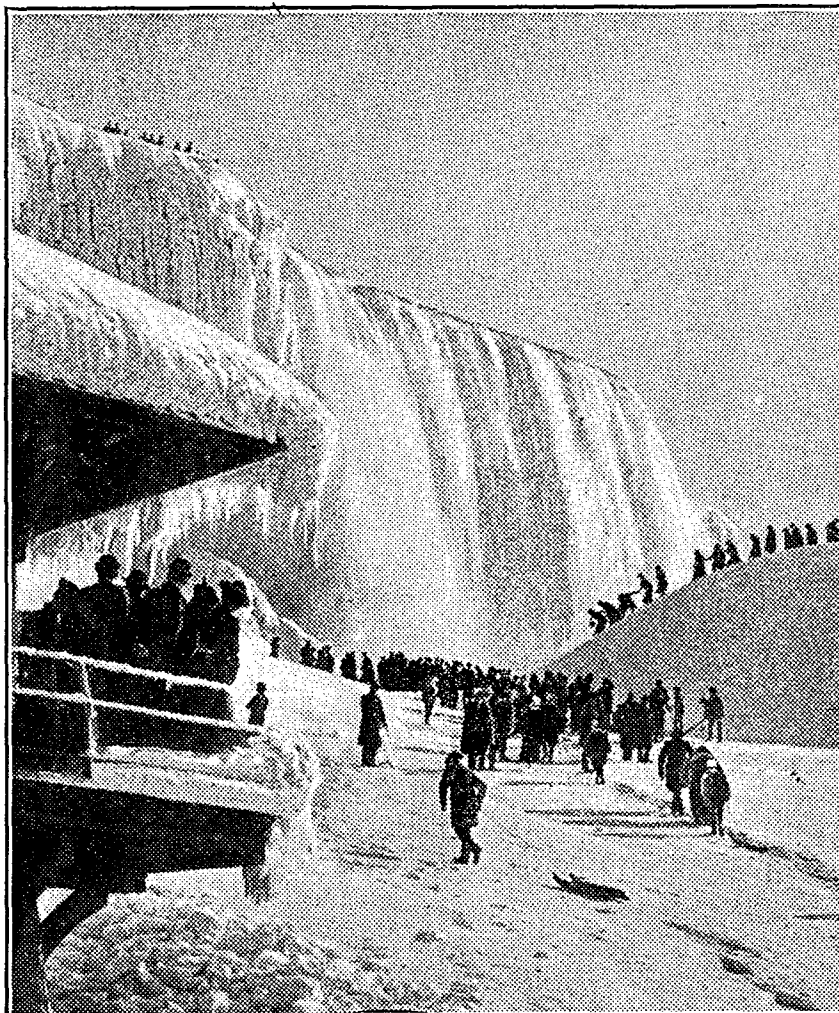
According to those who have examined the excavations beneath Gracechurch Street it was a noble piece of architecture 450 feet long and 350 feet wide. It was finely built with that red and yellow brick which has ever since been one of the comeliest materials of English domestic architecture. One of its corners was, perhaps, where London Stone used to stand before it was walled up opposite Cannon Street Station.

The First British Church

This was the official London of those Roman days. On the other side of the Wall Brook rose another settlement, where in after ages the Cathedral of St. Paul's was raised, and where Panyer Alley marks "the highest point." But Leadenhall was higher, and here, perhaps, if medieval tradition counts, the first church of the British people had its foundations. St. Peter's, Cornhill, marks that site.

The idea of the Roman Forum is one of our new possessions, and its majesty shines through the dust which the money-changers of the street of the Lombards and other traders have laid on it with the passing of the years.

The Ice King at Niagara



Once only, so far as records show, have Niagara Falls been stopped, and that was in 1847 when a great barrier of ice blocks brought down by the river held up the water just above the Falls. Now, once again, the American side of the Falls has been stopped by ice. In this picture we see how in a normal winter, though the Falls continue, the sides are covered with a thick mantle of frozen spray that gives the appearance of frozen Falls. See page 2

A VERY QUEER STORY

A correspondent sends us an account of a truly remarkable occurrence that came under his observation, illustrating the absence of judgment which may exist in a child's mind along with a spirit of energy and adventurousness.

I WAS passing down a suburban road (he writes) when I heard a childish voice say, "Will you please lift me down?" Looking up, I saw, beyond a small front garden, a little girl of seven or eight years old seated precariously on the drainage spouting which edged a very steep slope of roof over a front door. Above the roof was an open window.

With both hands the child was grasping the spouting on which she scarcely sat, and her legs were dangling down into space ten feet from the ground. I stand six feet, but I could not reach her feet by fully eighteen inches. How had this child got to this place? There could only be one way by which she could have reached this position. She must have come out of the bedroom window, slid down the roof, and lodged on its edge not a moment too soon.

"Did you get out of that window?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "I want to go home; and I am so cold."

Stepping back, I trod on something,

and, looking down, saw under my feet two crutches, which I had not noticed as I approached the child with my eyes on her. Then I also saw that she had one leg encased in plaster-of-Paris.

The house was a home for convalescent children, and it was clear that the child was secretly trying to escape. She had opened the window of her bedroom, slid her crutches down the steep roof beneath it, and then followed down herself. How she had done this with her encased leg was a marvel. I could not reach her, and every moment I expected she would fall.

So I rushed to the door and rang the bell, and then went back to catch her if need be. "Don't ring the bell," she said: "I want to go home." Out came the nurses, too astounded for words, and presently household steps were brought and the child was safely reached.

Certainly no blame was deserved by the child's guardians in the house. She had planned this escape quietly, and had had resolution and ingenuity enough to carry it through in spite of a broken ankle, without having judgment enough to understand that she could not possibly reach the ground from the roof-edge.

THE FORGOTTEN PLANTER

Lonely Island Which Was Overlooked

AN EXPLANATION

In the C.N. three weeks ago we published the interesting story of the Forgotten Planter, sent to us by one of our Australian correspondents.

It was the story of a planter on a lonely palm-fringed island in the Pacific Ocean who nearly came to an untimely end because the company which had purchased the island on which he worked forgot his existence and failed to send him supplies, so that it was only in the very nick of time that a mail steamer called and rescued him.

The story stated that the island was recently one of the famous Lever group of undertakings, and that it was sold to the new company last year after the death of Lord Leverhulme.

The Ownership of the Island

The island certainly owes its modern prosperity to the spirit and energy of the Lever undertakings, but it was not correct to say that the island changed its ownership after Lord Leverhulme's death. The change took place before Lord Leverhulme died. It is actually more than twelve years since the island was sold by Lever Brothers.

It follows from this that everything that may have happened last year had no connection with Lever Brothers or the late Lord Leverhulme, and the unhappy plight of the poor planter, working with his native labourers at the task of obtaining copra from coconuts for the European markets, was therefore not in any way the consequence of changes following on the death of Lord Leverhulme. The new company which forgot the planter has been in possession of the island since the days before the war, and Lord Leverhulme, as all the world knows, was carrying on his famous enterprises until last spring.

The Great Lever Enterprises

The Lever enterprises reach out to the ends of the Earth and are consistently conducted with that spirit of humanity and goodwill which marked the long life of their famous founder.

The C.N. regrets that in telling the romantic story of the forgotten planter and his timely rescue it may have unconsciously appeared to reflect upon the well-known consideration for work-people which has for so long been characteristic of Lever Brothers and all their great undertakings.

A FLYING SHOWROOM

A commercial aeroplane is touring the United States equipped as a motor showroom.

The latest limousine model of a popular make of motor-car is on board, and when stops are made at the various towns crowds throng to see both the plane and the car.

THE TALK WITH A SINKING SHIP

ONE OF THE LITTLE DOCUMENTS OF HISTORY

What the Flash Lamps of the Roosevelt and the Antioe Said

FACE TO FACE WITH DOOM

It must have seemed a thrilling thing to millions of people, sitting by their fires, to think that the captain of the President Roosevelt and the captain of the doomed ship Antioe were both talking to them within a few days of that great drama on the high seas.

The wireless which saved the Antioe's captain from a grave at sea enabled him to tell the story to millions, who listened with a breathless interest to his simple tale.

We return to it here because we wish to put on record a conversation which must surely count as one of the brave little documents of history.

Among the unforgotten, unforgettable stories of the brotherhood of the sea none will shine out more brightly than the story of those messages flashed out by a hand-lamp over the raging seas which separated the doomed Antioe and the liner Roosevelt, which stood by her and saved her crew after three days of bitter waiting in the face of death.

Across the Perilous Gulf

For two days the Antioe, helpless and buffeted, had been at the mercy of the storm, and night and day the Roosevelt had remained as near as she dared, trying to help but finding every effort frustrated.

Then the signaller of Captain Fried of the Roosevelt flashed with his lamp the question: "Can you keep afloat till the weather moderates?"

The signaller of Captain Tose, who must have felt the Antioe was doomed, flashed back the reply: "Captain says it is very doubtful."

Question and answer went on in the darkness. Nothing was to be heard but the wind and the waves, nothing to be seen but the lights flickering in the blackness. But across the perilous gulf between the vessels the brave men faced one another and read each other's hearts by those twinkling signs.

An Upspringing Hope

"We are doing all we can," said Captain Fried, "but we cannot send a boat in this sea"; and the other captain said, simply: "Yes; we know that, and are very grateful to you," adding gravely: "We are shipping more water and listing more heavily."

The captain of the Roosevelt could see what was happening when those words were flashed as plainly as he could glimpse the lamp's wavering light, and he made up his mind on the instant. What was to be done must be done quickly; so, without further ado, his lamp answered back: "Will float you a boat. Be on look-out on your stern"; and the Antioe's captain, with an upspringing hope, called back (but how slowly in these dots and dashes of light!) "When are you going to do it?"

Midnight of the Third Day

The answer was instant: "Have heaving lines ready. We are going to launch a boat soon." The boat was launched, but the attempt failed. The situation became worse; the Antioe sank deeper; there was neither food nor sleep for the crew. Something like despair must have settled on both captains, for when the flash-lamp conversation was resumed the Antioe had to report her worsening plight, and Captain Fried could but say that he had lost three boats, and must wait for daylight. And wait for daylight he would, and did. When day dawned two more attempts were made and failed. The Roosevelt and her captain still held on.

They held on till the moderating sea gave yet another and a better chance, but darkness was descending on the third day when the lamps began to flicker out messages once more. And

TWO WAYS OF CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Flying Men Start Where Columbus Started

FEAT OF TWO SPANIARDS

From a small island near Palos, in Spain, Columbus set sail in 1492 on the first of the journeys which eventually led him to the discovery of America.

The first crossing of the Atlantic by air from the Old World to the New with a single machine has just been made, and this journey was also begun at Palos, the airmen (Major Franco and Captain de Alva) starting at eight o'clock one Friday morning, as Columbus had done in his little ship more than 400 years earlier.

Travelling in a big Dornier-Wal flying-boat driven by two British Napier-Lion engines the aviators made the journey in four stages, calls being made at the Canary Islands, Cape Verde Islands, and Fernando de Noronha, before the South American coast was reached at Pernambuco in Brazil.

Non-Stop Flight of 1440 Miles

The whole journey is more than 3600 miles. From Cape Verde Islands to Pernambuco is about 1750 miles, and the airmen were prevented by darkness from going farther than Fernando de Noronha without stopping. That flight, however, which was 1440 miles, is the second longest non-stop overseas flight ever made.

Major Franco's flight took ten days, although his actual flying time was only 35 hours. Columbus was ten weeks on his cross-Atlantic journey to the West Indies!

In 1922 a Portuguese airman flew across the Atlantic from east to west, but his first machine was wrecked and he finished the journey in a second seaplane.

Major Franco and Captain de Alva followed up their Atlantic journey with a fine flight of 1200 miles down the coast to Rio de Janeiro, and after making calls at Buenos Aires and several South American republics it was their hope to fly through the American continent to Canada, and then to England by way of Greenland and Iceland.

RAYs FOR DOGS

New Treatment for Distemper

Many little dogs suffering from distemper must be wondering what is going on when submitted to the newest form of treatment.

Dogs are placed in specially-designed baskets and are fitted with tinted spectacles to protect their eyes from the ultra-violet rays. A "dose" of light lasting fifteen minutes is given each day, and as a cure for distemper the treatment has proved wonderfully successful.

SOUTH AFRICA KEEPS FAITH

A good friend writes to tell us that the men to whom the South African Government is distributing compensation are those who have contracted phthisis in the Rand gold mines, and not in the diamond mines, where the disease does not occur. Applications should be sent to the South Africa High Commissioner in London.

Continued from the previous column

now they took the light of hope, for the Roosevelt's lamp told the Antioe's men to "get in quickly when the boat comes." Brighter and ever brighter shone the lamp's flickerings, for now they said: "Twelve men safe on board, will return"; and again: "Be ready to jump in quickly."

That was the last word in this brave conversation. An hour after midnight the Antioe's deck was level with the water, and the ship was ready to sink and capsize; but half an hour after that her crew were safe on board the Roosevelt, whose captain had stood on his bridge for 84 hours to save them.

GENIUS IN A FAMILY

A HOME OF ARTISTS

Workshops Which Have Sent Out Monuments for the Empire

CANADA'S WAR MEMORIAL

Canada's National War Memorial is to be made by a Yorkshireman, Mr. Vernon March, who has won the first place in an open competition. Mr. March's design was one of 127 sent in from all parts of the world.

Mr. March is one of seven artist brothers who with their sister, also an artist, work together in a studio settlement near Farnborough in Kent. They are a remarkable family, living in an old rambling house with workshops of all kinds in it and about it. Here for many years, since they left Yorkshire, the Marches have been dwelling, more a community than a family, all absorbed in some branch of the arts or crafts.

An Art Centre in Kent

The eldest brother, Sidney, had a good training, beginning at the Hull School of Art and going on to the Royal College of Art and the Academy Schools. The others have for the most part learned their technique from him, and their native inspiration has supplied the rest.

All kinds of work are done by this gifted family—sculpture, modelling, portrait painting, design, metal and jewellery work. They have their own foundry and do their own casting. The community is probably nearer in spirit to the art workshops of medieval Europe than any other "school" in existence.

Many fine groups, apart from numberless small objects of art, have come from the Farnborough workshops, and the genius of this family has spread itself far and wide in the British Empire. We need only think of the Cape Town War Memorial, the Champlain Memorial at Orillia in Ontario, the Kitchener Memorials at Khartoum and Calcutta, the War Memorial at Victoria on Vancouver Island, and the Cecil Rhodes statue at Bulawayo.

A Fine Heroic Spirit

Mr. Vernon March is to be helped by his brothers in carrying out his design for the Canada Memorial. The memorial, an arch of sacrifice, will take about six years to finish, and will be placed in the Central Square, Ottawa. It is conceived in a fine, heroic spirit, showing how Canada responded to the call. The arch itself, which is to be of granite, will be about 31 feet high, and will have surmounting it a bronze group 12 feet high, showing the figures of Justice with Victory and Peace.

Through the arch will press a number of bronze figures symbolical of all those Canadians who made the great sacrifice. These figures will be about seven feet high. The memorial will use up about 25 tons of bronze. *Picture on page 7*

THE FROZEN FALLS

Rare Spectacle at Niagara

People who have been visiting Niagara Falls of late have witnessed the astonishing spectacle of part of those plunging waters at rest.

From time to time the Falls freeze on one side in the coldest winters, but this winter the whole American side has been frozen, an event which has probably not been known since 1847, when the whole Falls are said to have been frozen for the only time in known history.

This year those who went to see one of the mightiest cataracts in the world, boiling and foaming as it makes its roaring leap, had the thrilling experience of beholding one part of the torrent curbed and stationary under the silent, invisible force of frost. It was a majestic spectacle. *Picture on page one*

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aeneas E-ne-as
Pernambuco . . . Per-nam-bo-o-kō
Schiller Shil-ler

WIRELESS TAPS THE TELEPHONES

A Great Day a Step Nearer

While the Channel Islands steamer Reindeer was on its way from the islands to Weymouth an ordinary telephone was connected up with a new portable wireless transmitter, invented by Mr. Derek Shannon, which needs neither aerial nor earth connections.

Words spoken into the telephone were heard ten miles away with ease, and did not cease altogether till the ship was seventy miles from Guernsey, where in the Great Western Railway office people were listening for it.

The inventor claims further for his wireless transmitter that it can be plugged in with the ordinary shore telephone; and conversations carried on through that telephone can be heard out at sea on the portable receiver which is part of the apparatus. At present receiver and transmitter, each weighing about 20 lb., are separate instruments, though used in combination for listening or calling up.

When the instruments are combined wireless telephony both ways will be possible with one instrument. Its inventor suggests that this is the first step toward linking up Guernsey's island telephone system wirelessly with that of England. The Guernsey telephone subscriber would wirelessly call up a number in England. That number, over his English telephone, would respond and talk wirelessly to Guernsey.

The instrument has not yet reached this power of perfection, but it is a step toward the day when we shall carry our portable wireless sets in our despatch cases, and call up anyone.

THINGS SAID

Get friendly, and get friendly quickly.
Mr. Thomas Ashton to Coal Owners and Men

The worship of materialism produces stupidity and blindness.

Bishop of Winchester

Men who have a bit of land have no time for Bolshevism. *Mr. Lloyd George*

For seven years one of the principal obstacles to reconstruction has been the vindictiveness of some of the recreated States. *Sir William Goode*

Ten minutes vigorous transmission of great music daily would change the musical taste of the country.

Sir Walford Davies

England is the freest country in the world, freer than America. *Mrs. Pankhurst*

On entering a school a boy is immediately heir to everything that that school has ever thought or done.

Headmaster of Manchester Grammar School
I believe the years of depression have been a testing time for us, and a warning to put our house in order.

Mr. Reginald McKenna

My father spent fifty years in the South Sea Islands and never heard any quarrelling among native children.

Dr. J. A. Hadfield

London was probably founded by Cymbeline as a riverside suburb of St. Albans. *Professor F. G. Parsons*

America seems to have a good deal more to do with the League of Nations than it has any idea of. *Lord Crewe*

The thrush is always in the limelight with its song, and can sing 16 hours at a stretch. *Professor C. J. Patten*

I hope we shall have sovereigns again. I am a believer in a reserve in the pockets of the people. *Sir Felix Schuster*

An English gentleman would refuse to take the hand of a man who had evaded his taxes. *A Deputy in the French Chamber*

In England a taste for good music comes and goes, like new fashions in bonnets and shoes. *Sir Thomas Beecham*

NEWS FROM A FAR-OFF ISLAND

A Lonely Place Builds a New Ship

LITTLE PROBLEMS OF A CORNER OF THE EMPIRE

A reader on Norfolk Island, in the Pacific, who some time ago sent us some notes on that outpost of the Empire, largely peopled by descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, has added news up to date.

The island had in December a Red Letter Day on the launching of a small schooner built on the island to trade regularly with New Zealand. The schooner will sail to Auckland and there be fitted with an auxiliary engine, so that she will be independent of winds and tides. The building has taken over two years. The name the schooner has received is the good old one of *Resolution*.

The islanders have often found a glut in the Sydney fruit market when the mail steamer which takes their oranges, lemons, passion fruit, tomatoes, and bananas arrives there every five weeks. So the prices have not made the trade worth while. There is a steadier market with better prices at Auckland, hence the building of the *Resolution* to develop the New Zealand trade. The vessel will be engined at Auckland by Beardmore's of Glasgow.

Vested Interest and Progress

Norfolk Island has its problems, religious, social, and industrial, like the rest of the world—often the same problems as we have. There are three churches, Anglican, Methodist, and Adventist, for the 800 people; but the attendances have been less regular since tourists visiting the island set a bad example. Sobriety has shown a decided improvement of late. Alcohol can only be obtained under a medical certificate, and the certificate is not now lightly given.

The industrial point most in dispute is whaling. This has been carried on by the islanders with the most primitive appliances. Now there is a movement for a more modern equipment. But that is opposed by the vested interest in old-fashioned harpoons, and so on. Indeed it is suggested that the Island Council shall pass an Ordinance debarring any person or company from whaling by any other methods than those to which the island has been accustomed. The penalty suggested against progress is a fine of £500. Politics and human nature, it will be noted, are much the same everywhere.

GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

A Cape Colony Memorial

Commenting on the War Memorial pictures in *My Magazine* a Scottish reader sends an interesting account of "the most beautiful memorial I have ever seen."

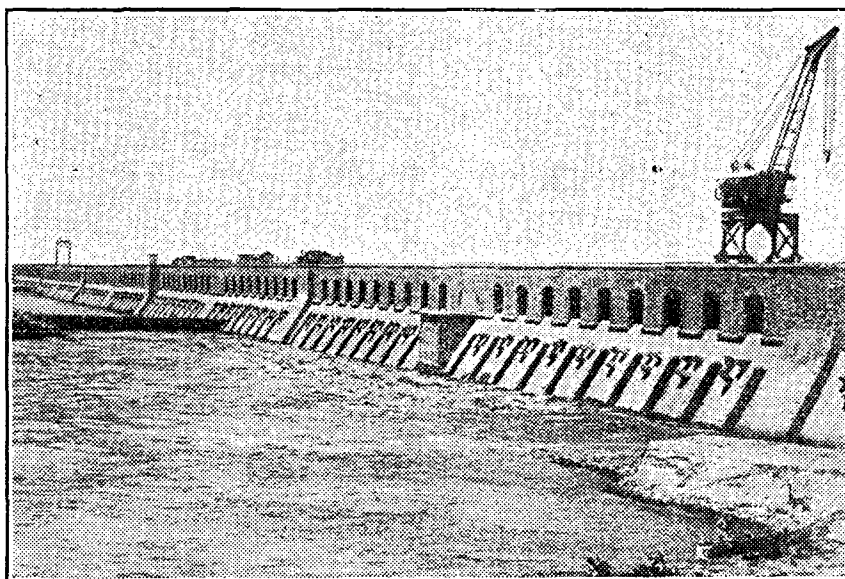
It is the Garden of Remembrance at Worcester in Cape Colony. It was erected just a hundred years after the founding of the town, and so serves as a commemoration both of that and of the war.

A large part of the town square is enclosed as a garden, with paved paths, grass plots, and trees. There are granite and wooden seats about, and a shallow pool for the children.

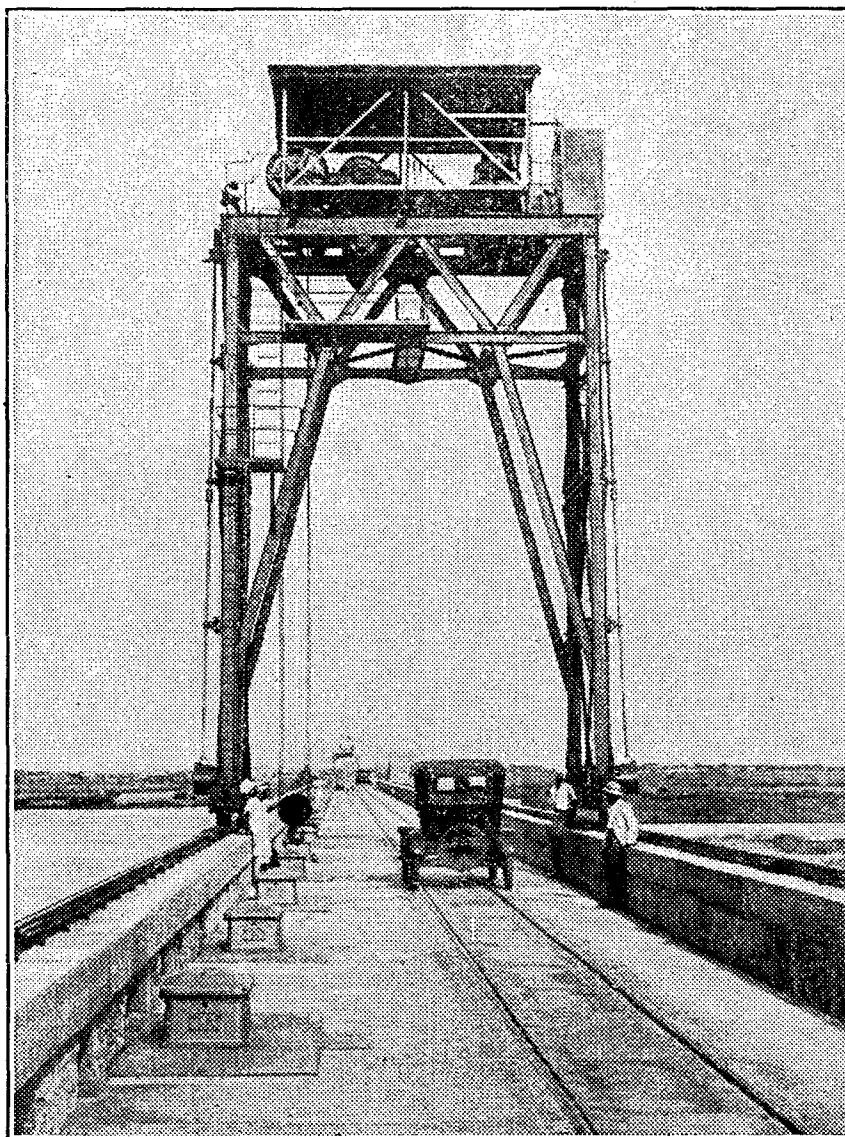
At one end is a huge boulder of granite on which a panel is polished, and there are inscribed the names of the sons of Worcester who fell in the war. Around is an artistic rock garden, with plants from the veld and the karroo. Below is a grotto with ferns and a pool with water plants, and all about are the lovely wild flowers of South Africa.

No litter or noise is allowed. Children play quietly by their mothers, who sit and sew in the Garden of Remembrance as in a sacred place.

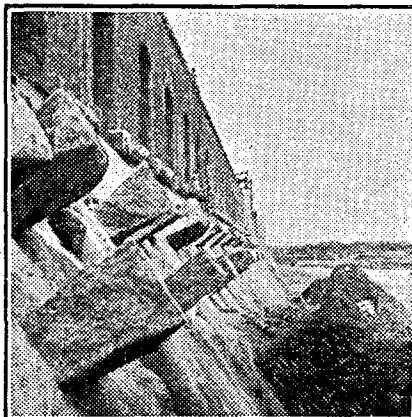
THE GIANT DAM AT SENNAR



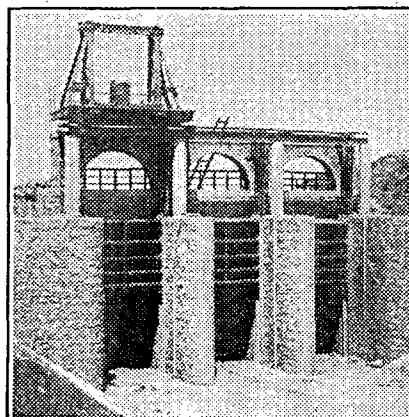
A view of the great dam from down-stream



The wonderful machine that operates the eighty sluice gates



The face of the dam, showing the method of breaking the fall of water



The sluice gates that regulate the flow of water into the irrigation canal

The great Sennar dam, which is built across the Blue Nile at the village of Makwar, is one of the most gigantic irrigation works ever constructed by man, and these pictures will give some idea of the size of this triumphant British engineering enterprise

HOW DID NAPOLEON DIE?

WHAT BROUGHT ROBERT BURNS TO HIS GRAVE?

The Evidence from the Past which Men Can Read Today

EXAMINING THE ILLNESSES OF GREAT MEN

How did Napoleon die? What was it that brought Robert Burns so early to the grave?

History answers such questions because, when the lives of the great are written, the biographers are careful to set down the manner of their deaths. But written history is not always right, and quite lately the reputed causes of the deaths of these two men have been disputed.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan, a surgeon of great authority, declares that when Napoleon passed away in that stormy night at St. Helena it was not cancer that killed him. Sir James Crichton-Browne declares with equal certainty that Robert Burns did not die of drink but suffered from a form of heart disease often set up by rheumatism.

How Doctors Can Tell

One naturally asks how it is that surgeons and physicians, by examining the mortal remains of a man long after his death has taken place, can say what caused it. The answer in Napoleon's case is simple. Portions of his internal organs have been preserved quite close to the C.N. office. Sir Berkeley Moynihan has examined them, and finds no such trace of cancer as would have been left there if Napoleon had suffered from it.

In the case of Robert Burns the physician judges from what has been learned of his life history. He suffered from childhood from certain rheumatic symptoms which are the forerunners or accompaniment of heart disease. In the same way a physician could tell from Dean Swift's complaints of the pains in his ear the source of his madness.

Bruce and Tutankhamen

But in a general kind of way it is by examination of traces left in the skull, or in the spinal column, or in the joints, that physicians and surgeons can tell the reason of death of men hundreds, or even thousands, of years ago. The skull of King Robert the Bruce and what is left of the spinal column have yielded to Sir Arthur Keith evidence of his illnesses. The remains of King Tutankhamen have suggested to some anatomists that he might have had an enlarged head due to so-called water on the brain in childhood.

In the same way mummies of Egyptian princes and nobles and priests have revealed the swelled joints of arthritis, tubercular diseases of the bones, and other evidences that modern diseases of the teeth, the bones, and the internal organs existed 4000 years ago. Most of the evidence is in the bones. Some is in the fleshy substance, but mummification destroys most of that.

Misunderstood Symptoms

Napoleon's remains were an exception. They were so well preserved as to yield up their secret, though it was only the negative proof that a particular disease had not existed.

If all human remains were carefully embalmed experts would be able to say long after what had been the cause of death, or what had led up to it, because nearly every disease, from influenza to scarlet fever, leaves some mark on the internal organs.

In the lives of great men the symptoms of their diseases or illnesses recorded by themselves were often misunderstood by their doctors or their friends, but enable more modern authorities to say now from what they really suffered.

AN HOUR IN A NATION'S LIFE

Young Japan's Example to Old Europe

SWIFT TRANSFORMATION ON THE RAILWAYS

One night last month Japan made an alteration in her railway system which affected every railway line in the country, and every locomotive, every train, and every railway carriage.

It might almost be said that the alteration affected every railway man, because the lives and health of thousands of men were affected by the change, which consisted in replacing the old methods of coupling locomotive to train, or carriage to carriage, by automatic couplings.

These couplings save labour, and they save lives by reducing the number of accidents. In adopting them Young Japan sets an example to Old Europe and Old England.

All the carriages used were assembled at 221 stations, and 12,000 men worked through the night to fix the new automatic couplings on them. While Japan slept the work was done, and when the sleepers awakened it was to a new railway system.

It is like Japan to have done such a thing. Modern Japan rose from the ashes of Old Japan almost as swiftly. A period of concentrated preparation, then suddenly the New Japan shot up, modernised, prepared, educated to meet the new world of the dawning century. It was not all done in a night, or a day; but in the life of a nation it happened as swiftly as the twinkling of an eye, the breaking of a bubble, the passing of a cloud.

PRIZES AS SPOIL SPORTS

Wrong Way to Play Games

Commander Coote, the organiser of the Duke of York's summer camp for boys, has been saying some wise things about games and the way we should play them.

He believes that all boys should play games, but that these should be played in a spirit of sportsmanship which would allow even the worst athletes to enjoy them. It is a great pity, he thinks, that in schools where games are compulsory all the interest centres on the few skilful players who form the teams and are able to compete for the prizes.

At the Duke of York's camp everyone chose the sport he liked and put all his energy into it. After a week all the boys entered voluntarily for a cross-country race, and the interesting thing is that they all finished, because the sport mattered more to them than the prize.

THE NURSE WHO SAVED THE CHILD

And Died Herself

We have just heard a story of great devotion on the part of a nurse. She was Edith Rivette and she had spent many years nursing all kinds of cases.

Early in the new year Miss Rivette went to attend to a little girl who had a septic throat. It was necessary to give the small patient very frequent hot fomentations, and one day, while getting the hot water, the nurse blistered her left wrist. It seemed to be a very bad burn, and a doctor warned her that she might have trouble with it.

The nurse soon discovered that the blister was poisoned, but she refused to leave her patient. She carried her patient past the danger point before she would leave her; and then she herself was taken to Guy's Hospital, and died.

A GREAT STEP FORWARD

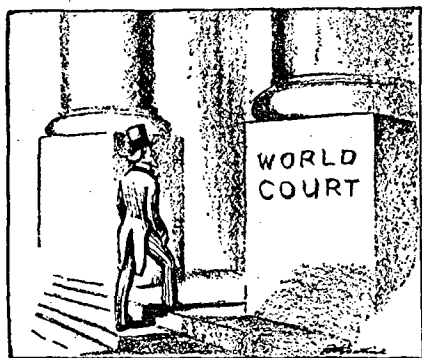
America in the World Court

END OF A BIG FIGHT

America still refuses to join the League of Nations, but she is joining a League Conference on Disarmament, and she has joined the Court of International Justice set up by the League. Some day she will join the League itself, though not yet. Meanwhile we have something to be going on with, for the settlement of disputes by law instead of by war, and the reduction of armaments are the League's two most important aims.

There has been a tremendous fight in America over the question of joining the World Court. President Coolidge has always desired it, but he had to secure the consent of the Senate, and there is a group of senators who are against it. They are afraid of having anything to do with the League, or anything connected with it, for fear of its dragging America into European quarrels again.

This group of senators has managed to get a decision put off again and again, but at last they have been faced and beaten after a debate lasting for weeks, the resolution having been carried by



76 votes to 17. They tried to get amendments making impossible conditions put in, but these, too, were defeated. A number of other conditions were made, but they are quite reasonable on the whole, and do not prevent a very warm welcome being given to the decision among the members of the League.

Most of the conditions aim at putting America on an equal footing outside the League with other countries supporting the Court who are inside the League.

SILENCE IN THE ETHER

The Wonderful Ocean of Sound

In the English Ether there was silence for three-quarters of an hour on a night in February—by request.

How strange that would have sounded when the Twentieth Century began! Silence in the ether—surely there was nothing more silent than that vast, illimitable ocean, stretching mysteriously beyond the stars, and quivering to no sound but only disturbed by silent rays of light.

In a quarter of a century the stillness has been so broken that now we should say the ether was never silent. Round and round the world the waves of sound are ceaselessly vibrating in it day and night, and indeed passing on their world-travels through night to day or through day to night.

The sounds can never be silent. Over England silence was requested, but that was only to prevent sounds arising from wireless installations in the English zone, so that other sounds coming in from foreign stations could be identified and steps taken in the future to prevent interference. But silence in the World Ether will never again be maintained while the world rolls on.

HOW A PREMIER'S SON WENT HOME

This little tale is true. It comes to the C.N. from a friend of the Prime Minister of the country it concerns.

There was once a Prime Minister in one of the defeated countries (it might have been Hungary or it might not), and this Prime Minister was quite sure that in defeated countries, if nowhere else, boys must be brought up to work.

So he sent his own son abroad (to what country is neither here nor there) to learn practical farming on a big estate. The boy, being of a happy disposition, worked manfully and cheerfully for over a year; but when, at the end of that time, he was told that he might have his holidays a fortnight before he had expected them he was suddenly seized with such a frantic longing for his own people that he simply could not help starting for home the moment he had packed his box, although he knew perfectly well that he had not enough money for the journey.

A Nice, Human Guard

He might have wired home for more, of course, but people in the defeated countries have learned to be economical about telegrams; also he would have had to wait another day. So he took a third-class ticket and travelled to the capital of the country that adjoined his own. Though it was a long journey, he ate only a roll on the way.

Once in that city he might have gone straight to his country's Legation and been supplied with whatever sum he needed, but a clean little imp of pride kept him from that. Having eaten a second roll, just to keep himself going, he spent all the rest of his money on another third-class ticket, which took him as far as the frontier. What was to happen after that he left to good fortune, and good fortune was kind, sending him a nice, human guard, who believed the boy when he told him who he was. The good guard accepted without hesitation the boy's promise to send him the fare as soon as he reached home. That is one of the advantages of looking pleasant and "trustable."

Arrived at their destination, the guard and the traveller took cordial leave of each other, and the Prime Minister's son, leaving his luggage in the cloakroom, boarded a bus, the friendly guard having lent him the necessary pennies. Then, having raced uphill the last bit of the way, he appeared at last, panting and jubilant, before his astonished family.

LUTHER BURBANK

No Time to Retire

For fifty years Luther Burbank has toiled at the task of making the world more beautiful, and to celebrate his jubilee he presented it with a bouquet of new flowers and plants which were the product of his latest experiments in horticulture.

One was a beautiful blue camassia, another a new Shasta daisy. Some fluffy giant asters were added and, to make the bouquet into a cornucopia, a new kind of rainbow corn.

It was thought that this was a parting gift, because some months ago Burbank announced that he was going to retire from work and allow Stanford University to carry on the famous gardens where his life work had been done. But, like some famous prima donnas, though with better reasons, he has found he cannot retire. The work he loves has taken too strong a hold on him. He must go on with it.

He is like the famous naturalist Leidy, who was asked when he was old if he was tired of life. "Tired?" said he, "not so long as there is an undescribed worm, or the riddle of a fossil bone, or a rhizopod new to me!"

THE TALK OF A NEW THAMES TUNNEL

Dartford or Gravesend?

A FAILURE OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Those who are interested in the proposed Thames tunnel at Dartford, which would enable Kent traffic to miss London on the way north, are actively concerned to see the attempt being made to transfer the tunnel to Gravesend.

A Gravesend tunnel would bring much smaller relief to London traffic than a Dartford tunnel, and would serve the interests of only a small part of the population on both sides of the Thames.

A correspondent now calls our attention to an attempt made over a century ago to make just such a tunnel at Gravesend, an attempt which ended in ignominious failure.

Advice of John Rennie

It was in the spring of 1708 that a Mr. Ralph Dodd, a civil engineer, published an article proposing "a subterranean and subaqueous passage" to join Kent and Essex at a cost of under £16,000. The idea seems to have been taken up with some enthusiasm; and ultimately, at a meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, a committee was formed to raise a capital of £30,000 for the purpose. The capital was quickly promised and a Bill was passed through Parliament to form a company. The Government promised £1000 a year if mails were taken free.

But the promoters seem to have had little idea of business, and no confidence in poor Mr. Dodd. They ordered experimental borings to be made, and gave the work to somebody else. The borings continually filled with water, and a steam-engine was set up to pump it out. When the shaft had been sunk 75 feet below high-water level and the water still welled up the great John Rennie, who was to build Waterloo Bridge, was called into consultation. He recommended that the shaft should be carried down another seventy feet. It was carried another ten, and there it stopped!

A Costly Boring

The engine-house was gutted by a fire, but, much worse than that, the money grew more and more difficult to collect. Orders were given which no one carried out. People left off attending the committee, and the whole thing came at last to a full stop!

One of the last papers connected with the affair is a scribbled comment by a committee man, thus: "Total cost of the well: £15,242 10s. 4½d.," just about what Mr. Dodd believed the tunnel and its approaches could be built for!

Critics of the new scheme say there are "engineering difficulties" in making a tunnel at Gravesend, and it is interesting to see that a Gravesend tunnel was such a tragic failure a hundred years ago.

HIS PASSPORT

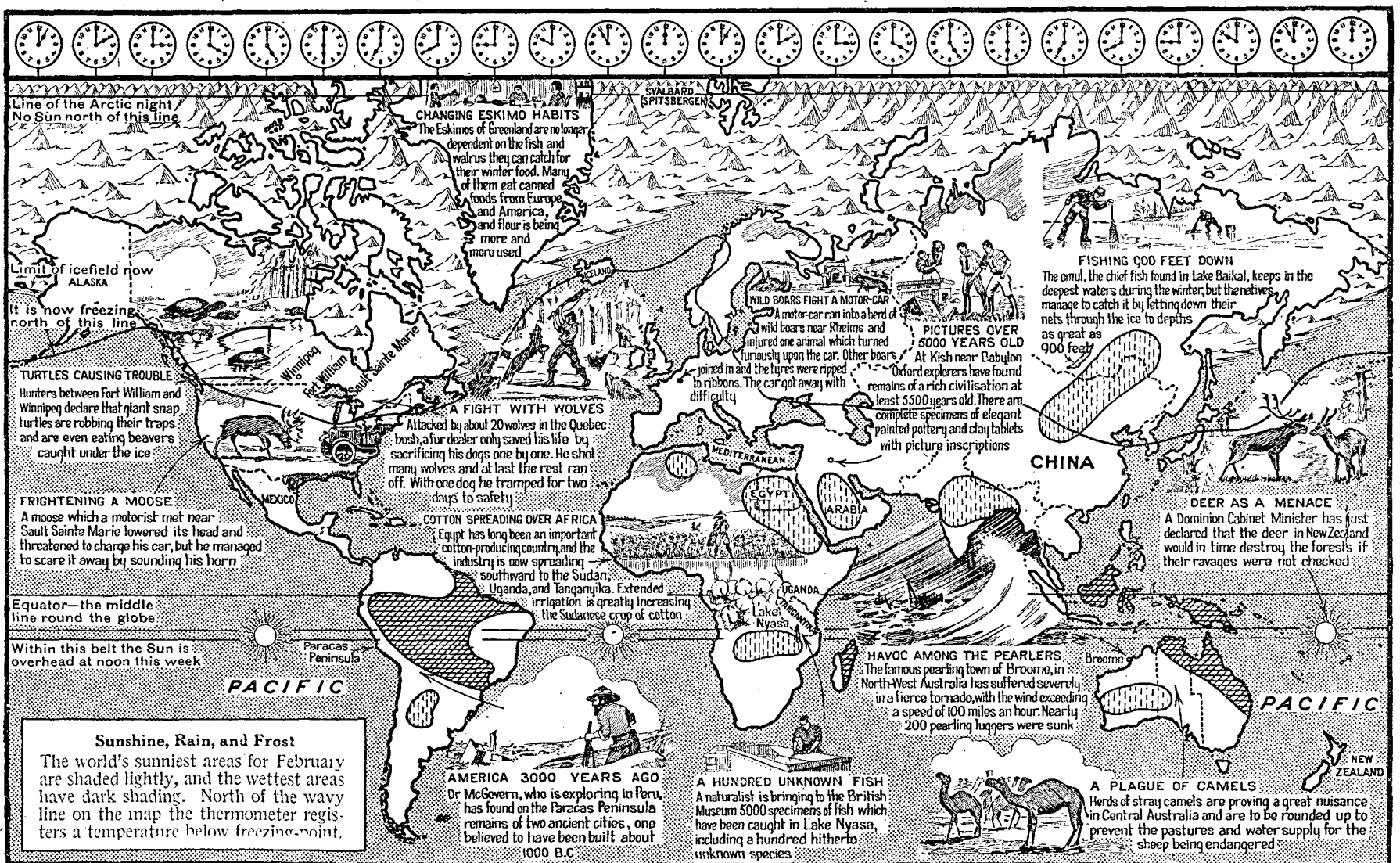
How Chaliapin Got His Letters

Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. Chaliapin, the great Russian singer, sang for his letters.

This is how it happened. When he called at a post-office in Berlin for letters addressed to him there he found he had nothing on him to show who he was. He had packed his passport in his trunk, which he had sent on to Leipzig; and he had no cards or addressed envelopes in his pocket. The clerk looked suspicious.

But, though he had nothing in his pocket, Chaliapin had something in his voice-box. "I will sing to you to prove that I am Chaliapin," he said, and he did. Before he had sung many bars the clerk was thrusting his letters at him!

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



A TOWN'S GOOD BARGAIN Giving Land Away

The Stoke-on-Trent Town Council has had the luck and enterprise to find a new way of securing work for its unemployed.

It heard that a well-known firm of manufacturers was making inquiries among the Welsh towns for a site on which to build some large works. Stoke happened to have the site on hand—120 acres of it. The site is worth £12,000; the Corporation offered it for nothing!

The offer was accepted, and the building is to be completed in two years at a cost of £500,000. If the scheme is abandoned at any time the Corporation is to have the land back. Why has it been so generous?

It is not generosity, but good business. Stoke has to pay much more than the interest on £12,000 in poor law relief for its unemployed, to say nothing of the unemployment insurance payments. Apart from building work, the new works will employ 15,000 people permanently.

Stoke thinks it has made a good bargain, and so do the manufacturers.

A SEA FIRM TAKES TO THE CLOUDS

Planes Instead of Ships

Some of the biggest shipbuilding yards in France are so slack that they have decided to turn their attention to aircraft building.

The other day a big South American liner was launched at St. Nazaire, and the launching was made the occasion for the opening of a huge aircraft factory which had been laid out in the shipyard.

This is only one example of the shipyards turning their energies to the building of the craft that are fast becoming rivals of the ship for oversea traffic.

THE IGNORANT ONE IN FIVE Educational Failures in France

After forty years of compulsory education France is faced by the fact that a fifth of her young army conscripts cannot pass the simplest educational tests.

It is all said to be due to non-attendance at school, largely arising from the employment of children of school age. Steps are being taken by the Government to strengthen the hands of the educational authorities.

But it is not only the young conscripts who are found wanting. Secondary education is described as a failure. It is declared that, apart from his knowledge of the sciences, the average graduate today knows much less than his predecessor of fifty years ago. He reads the newspapers, but has no leisure for the great writers, and lacks the incentive of intellectual curiosity.

BREAKING THE ARCTIC SILENCE

In Touch With the World

One of the officers of the MacMillan Expedition which has just returned from the Arctic has been describing the remarkable change wireless has made in the life of the explorer.

Whereas when Captain MacMillan returned from the North in 1917 he was unaware that the Great War had started, on this last voyage the wireless kept his party constantly in touch with the world outside.

They knew of the wreck of the Shenandoah two hours after it happened; they picked up news of Mr. Bryan's death only half an hour after it occurred; they got their baseball scores and other bulletins every day; and they even had two-way conversations with stations all over the globe.

EUROPE'S ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED Germany's Plight

It is taking Europe a long time to recover from the Great War. Her people have still very little money to spend, and so unemployment keeps coming back in waves.

A year ago Germany had 1,800,000 unemployed; last summer the number was down to 195,000, but it has risen steadily through the autumn; now it is 1,762,000—almost where it was last year.

Little Austria had 25,000 more registered unemployed at the end of last year than at the beginning, and has 33,000 more again since December. With those out of benefit the total is probably 250,000, and is expected soon to be 300,000.

Denmark's visitation is terrible—one in every three trade union members. Much of this, however, is believed to be only temporary; some works that have closed down are expected to reopen soon.

Unemployment in Sweden doubled last year, and is put at 40,000 today. Poland has 328,000 unemployed—out of a much larger population.

France and Belgium are comparatively prosperous. Belgium has less than 17,000 people out of work, but that is double what it was a year ago. France has only 11,000. Great Britain's total is about 1,200,000.

WIRELESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Mr. Thorne Baker's Device

Little machines which can be used with an amateur wireless outfit were shown at work recently at the Royal Institution sending photographs and pictures by telegraphy.

They are the invention of Mr. Thorne Baker, who thinks that before many months pictures of interesting events will be broadcast along with the day's news.

IN THE NAME OF SPORT Companions for the Monte Carlo Pigeon Butchers

THE HERO WITH THE HARPOON

For the idlers at Deauville during the season a new kind of sport is promised. They are to go out with the fisher-folk and kill porpoises.

To make quite sure that the sport shall be agreeable they will be armed with a new kind of rille-harpoon with which the veriest bungler ought not to miss his prey. For that particular kind of sportsman who will spend a pleasant afternoon in killing a porpoise or two things cannot be made too easy. He is of the same breed of gentry who cannot hit a pigeon at Monte Carlo unless it is put into a dark box and let out suddenly into the sunshine so that it is too frightened and dazed to get away. At Deauville he will have a larger target on which to try his luck.

A CAVE IN OLD GREECE The Voice of the Oracle

Diggers are at work at Cumae, by the sea not far from Rome, where, among many caves, is the cave in which, according to tradition, dwelt the Sibyl.

This was the wise woman who Virgil tells us was consulted by Aeneas before he made his journey in the Underworld.

There was a Greek settlement at Cumae long before the foundation of Rome, so that there may well have been a hermit in these caves in the very earliest times. Virgil speaks of a cavern of many mouths, "from which rush as many voices, the answers of the Sibyl."

Now a new mouth has been found, approaching from the sea, and it is believed to be the main entrance which people used when they came to consult the Oracle.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 20 1926

He is My Brother

How many new chapters of heroism, how many new pages of history, have been written in the Book of the Ocean in this winter's storms!

We who live in these islands have always believed that a great nobility of soul comes to men who spend their lives on the sea. The men of the sea seem to take into their own spirit something of the grandeur and quiet of Nature. They are brave, patient, and self-sacrificing. Over and over again we hear of seamen who give a life-line, or a place in the last boat from a wreck, to some weaker comrade.

And it is good to know that this spirit belongs to the whole brotherhood of seamen, not to the men of one nation. A few years ago we were at war with Germany; today we cannot forget the German sailor of the American liner which went to help the English freighter Antiope. He was volunteering for the rescue party when somebody tried to dissuade him, saying: "It is a British crew; there will be plenty of British and American volunteers." The brave sailor, every inch a hero, looked at the speaker passionately, and answered in his broken English: *I do not care if he is a British crew! He is my brother!*

That noble man was drowned, but we know he has not died in vain. He saved some lives, and perhaps he saved some wars. All round the world there are people who have heard his story, and they will have a little less hatred in their hearts because of it. *He is my brother* rings again across the sea after all these years.

On a British ship during the war there was a sailor whose favourite brother, a soldier, died in great pain after being gassed. The sailor vowed to kill the next German he saw. It happened that soon afterwards the man's ship sank a German one, and this man *dived into the sea to save one of the German crew.*

If German and English sailors will risk their lives for one another why are there wars, blockades, and broken treaties? Why cannot we get the spirit of the sea into public life? Why are our sailors so much finer, so much nearer the heart of humanity, than our statesmen?

It is easy to complain of those who govern us, but the truth is that we govern them. No politician dare disobey the people, and if we want the captains of politics to be like the captains of the sea we must try to be like them ourselves.

What is the secret of their greatness? We can only discover that they live close to Nature, are not daunted by hardship, count duty sacred, and take their guidance from the stars.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Schoolboy's Religion

THE Headmaster of Harrow thinks the modern schoolboy takes an earlier and more individual interest in religion. It is, he believes, a natural result of the atmosphere of discussion throughout the country, which boys and girls reflect very quickly.

Another reason, we think, is that we know more than we did, and are no longer ready to dismiss what we cannot explain. Knowledge, which is the enemy of superstition, is the friend of religion. We must go on seeking truth, ever ready to give up creeds that prove false, and our reward will be what Emerson promised:

When half-gods go
The gods arrive.

Changed Times

AFTER the war, when great estates were being sold to meet taxation, a fresh phrase was added to the English language. People spoke of the New Poor. Others said: "Who are the New Poor? People who now keep two motor-cars instead of four!" But the poverty which came to many aristocratic families was more genuine than that. In a new book of memoirs there is a letter from Lord Frederick Hamilton, dated 1920, telling a friend that a book of his own is bringing him in some money:

In these hard days an unexpected addition to one's limited income is very welcome. I shall be able to have a fire again in my dining-room, the first since 1914.

Evidently an old phrase has become obsolete. It is no longer true to say Rich as a lord.

Your Daily Poison

A DOCTOR has been speaking of the people who haunt his surgery week after week, not very ill yet never really well. What is the matter with them? He says there can be little doubt that the provision of free dental treatment for the whole population would be a real and far-seeing economy.

As if to confirm this the fact has been published that there were sold last year in this country 23 million toothbrushes for 48 million people! A toothbrush is worn out in six months; therefore it would seem that only one in four of us cleans his teeth.

Few people seem to realise that decaying teeth can bring far worse things than toothache. They are traitors, administering a daily dose of poison. Sooner or later their victim will pay, but the probability is that he will not know how all his aches began.

It is really kinder to deny a child half his pocket money than to let him poison himself for want of a toothbrush. We are proud of boasting that every Englishman can read. We shall be really civilised when we can boast that every English child is clean.

The Daisy Fields

THEY are talking of a tunnel under the Thames from Kent to Essex, and it seems worth while to set down a sentence we heard the other day. It was that when the Blackwall Tunnel was built London children went through it into fields and *picked daisies for the first time in their lives.*

Tip-Cat

THERE is to be a school for messenger boys. To teach them how to express themselves.

THE writer who wants to make life fairer will, we hope, start with the weather.

EVERY class has its pet economy. Even the first class sometimes travels with third-class tickets.

A NEW flexible glass has been invented. So that even tumblers won't break.

AN instrument has been invented to detect movement at the rate of one inch per century. Even the Southern Railway has no use for that.

IT isn't so much a question of when civilisation began as of where it will take us.

OVERCOAT patterns are to be louder this year. The streets are too noisy already.

MR. EPSTEIN thinks no father could do worse than make his boy a sculptor. We don't want any more Rima memorials in Hyde Park.

THE truth about Mexico has been much exaggerated. There are thousands of people who have not been shot at.

EVERY day, says Mr. Churchill, things are getting better and better. A Coué come to judgment.

IT is bad manners to shout. No one can rise socially by merely raising his voice.

A LADY'S watch has been found in the stomach of a Dover codfish. We have often heard of them in the pocket of a Paris shark.

A League Report

WE have been asked to call attention to a report of the League of Nations on the instruction of children of all lands in the doings of the League.

The C.N. cannot resist an appeal for the League, but the chief thing that strikes us about this report is that, if we measure its value by the British section, it is valueless, for the British report makes not a single reference to a thing that has probably done more to educate children in the League than *all other means in the world put together.*

Crowns

By Our Country Girl

O, HAVE you seen the king?
He wears a crown of gold
Beset with winking gems
Most monstrous big and bold.
A province might be bought
With any ruby there:
A splendid crown to see,
A heavy crown to wear.

O, HAVE you seen the Pope?
He wears a triple crown,
A cloak of fine brocade,
A purple damask gown,
Beneath that diadem
His brow is lined with care:
A splendid crown to see,
A heavy crown to wear.

O, HAVE you seen my child?
She wears a crown of curls
More yellow than your gold,
More precious than your pearls.
The Pope is white as snow,
The king is old and grey:
To wear the crown of youth
They'd give their own away.

Peter Wants a Seat

A SIXPENNY seat at the cinema was good enough for Peter Puck till his uncle over-tipped him; then he went off to see his namesake, Peter Pan, at a real theatre.

"I want a good seat," said Peter. The Box Office man asked if a stall would suit.

"Do you take me for a donkey?" cried Peter fiercely.

"Box, sir?" the man said timidly. "I do," said Peter. "It is a manly pastime. Prize-fighting is another thing. Anything more brutal and degrading..."

"Will you have the balcony?" interrupted the man.

"Not in this weather," said Peter. "I must be indoors."

"You'd better go to the pit," growled the man.

"The pit!" exclaimed Peter. "Do I look like a miner?"

In the end the man gave it up, and we do not know where Peter sat.

Known Unto God

A correspondent sends us this note, which will be of great interest to a large number of our readers.

THE original wooden crosses in the war cemeteries in France have been or are being replaced by slabs of stone, all quarried and carved in England, to be a link with home.

Nearly 700,000 of these are being sent to France, and in front of each is eighteen inches of soil, in which are grown the old flowers we can find in the humblest cottage garden—roses, pinks, sweet-williams, wallflowers, pansies, canterbury bells; while there are often arches of ramblers overhanging the stones, and in front three feet of grass, kept carefully mown.

Instead of the inscription *An Unknown Soldier*, which was put on the wooden cross, there is now, on the permanent memorial of the thousands whose names are not known, these beautiful words, *Known Unto God.*

JAPAN FOR PEACE

WHAT VISCOUNT KATO SAID

Prime Minister's Legacy of
Peace to the World

NO SELFISH POLICY

Japan has lost one of her greatest men in Viscount Kato, her famous Prime Minister, and we like to think that one of his last messages to the world was a great declaration of peace.

The people who are always looking ahead to foretell the next war have of late seen Japan as the country that will make the war. Before they prophesy again it would be well that they should know something about two interviews which a well-known American journalist had with Viscount Kato, the Prime Minister of Japan, who has just died, and Baron Shidehara, Japan's Foreign Minister.

It would also be well that every thoughtful British citizen should know of these interviews, for they contain a vast amount of wisdom about the way nations should treat each other. It is not too much to say that if the chief leaders of all the nations had the same aims and spirit as these Japanese leaders the last fear of war would vanish from the world.

Peace of the Pacific

Japan has been accused of having ambitions in the Pacific Ocean; of wishing to take the lead of a group of Asiatic nations; of seeking to extend her territory to provide room for her expanding population; and of feeling enmity toward the United States. These desires and sentiments are represented by those who look for war as likely to lead to it in no distant future.

What are the replies given by Japan's most trusted counsellors? Said Viscount Kato: "To the peace of the Pacific we Japanese are devoted ardently. It will never be broken by a wanton act by Japan. It puzzles me that Japan's peaceful disposition should be questioned by anyone. She has fought two great wars, but they were wars of defence."

Japan Wants to Be Herself

So far as territorial expansion is concerned the reply is that the Japanese are too much in love with their own land to wish to emigrate, and "Japan's territory, home and colonial, is sufficient for her needs for at least a century, and probably two, for Japan can make one acre feed four persons."

As for Asiatic alliances, Japan is above all things individual. She wants to be herself. She has no affinity with Russia. She aims at neighbourly helpfulness and international friendships everywhere.

America, particularly, is not a country Japan would choose to alienate. She is her best customer.

No Thoughts of Aggression

Japan believes in being herself. Here is what Viscount Kato said on this point:

Happiness lies on the side of racial integrity. We feel our civilisation has its own distinct value and its own place in the life of the world. Japan never will use her power as a weapon of selfish aggression—the most stupid act a nation can commit—but for the preservation of her Japanese heritage she will make any sacrifice. To the perfection of this heritage our sister nations have contributed much. These contributions we gladly acknowledge. Our one desire is to go forward in equal honour with these nations, each placing its special gifts at the service of all.

These sentiments and principles of the late Prime Minister were warmly endorsed by the Foreign Minister, who sums up his argument in one sentence: "Japan's dominant, moral, and intellectual forces are for universal and permanent peace."

No one can read these pledges of Japan's leading statesmen without feeling that danger to the world's peace does not arise in Japan.

TWO FISHERS WITH ONE ROD

FEW people ever see a kingfisher, except as a flash of emerald or turquoise, for it is the shyest and swiftest of birds.

But in the wintry spell somebody wrote that one of them had been driven by hunger to a window-sill to compete with the sparrows and redbreasts for crumbs, and straightway other bird-lovers came forward with similar tales of kingfishers as trusting as robins.

One of the oddest tales was vouched for by a Thames angler at Reading. Twice a kingfisher has actually perched on his rod, he says. Once the rod was standing by itself, and the kingfisher may have thought it quite as suitable a

perch as the bough of a tree; but on the second occasion the angler was actually holding the rod, and was dapping for chub with it between two bushes. The kingfisher alighted on the rod, poised there for a few seconds while he examined the stream below, and then darted down with a splash to seize a fish. Having got one, the kingfisher returned to the rod to swallow the spoil!

The angler who tells the story believes others could confirm it by similar ones. We certainly have been told by a friend of the C.N. in whom we place confidence that a kingfisher perched on his rod a few years ago while he was fishing on the Upper Cam, near Little Shelford.

CANADA'S FINE MEMORIAL



Here is the design for Canada's great national war memorial, which is to be set up at Ottawa. It is the work of a young English artist, Mr. Vernon March, and was chosen out of more than a hundred designs submitted. See page 2

A FACTORY IN AN ELECTRIC SIGN

LETTERS each weighing a quarter of a ton go to make up a new electric sign now looking down on the Thames, the biggest electric sign that has ever been put up in England.

To provide the electric current for the lamps forming the huge letters and the various motors used 150 horse-power is required. The frame on which the electric letters are mounted weighs 60 tons; and, being 5000 square feet in area, it has had to be mounted in quite an elaborate way in order to stand the immense strain of the gales of winter.

The inside of such an electric sign as this is really a complicated factory in miniature, in the making of which the electrical engineer and the scientific-instrument makers have had to join forces with the civil engineer.

The chief feature of the sign is an enormous thermometer sixty feet high, constructed of steel, with a moving column of "liquid" which tells the correct temperature. The thermometer is made in the shape of a big tube of dental cream. Various electric lights are flashed on and off at intervals in the way so familiar to us, but so great is

the amount of electricity used that elaborate mechanical switches are required.

The current is taken in by the sign at a pressure of 2500 volts and reduced to 50 volts by special transformers. The flashing of the various lamps is done by switches built up in five different sections.

Most ingenious is the giant thermometer, the effect of movement of the mercury up and down the stem being produced by a piece of black material which shades off the "empty" portion. The raising of this black apron makes it appear as if the mercury were rising in the thermometer, but its movements are controlled with scientific precision by means of an electric thermometer mounted close at hand. The way the movements of this monster thermometer are controlled by the delicate electric instrument is far too complicated to be described here. But it is interesting to remember, when looking at some of these huge signs at night-time, what a wealth of ingenuity is concealed within their works. We may hate the way in which some of them spoil our buildings by day and shriek with ugliness by night, but they are truly wonderful.

A TASMANIAN WOLF CROSSES THE WORLD

SURVIVORS OF A DYING RACE

History of a Mystery Animal
From Australia

NEWCOMER AT THE ZOO

One of the last of a dying race of savages has crossed the world and reached London. It is a Tasmanian wolf, which has taken up its quarters at the Zoo, the only creature of its kind to grace that wonderful assemblage of animals.

The Tasmanian wolf, known to naturalists as the thylacine, is a mystery. Wolf-like in form, it is no wolf; indeed, a series of black stripes across its tawny back gives it the name of Tasmanian tiger. But it is no tiger either. It possesses a pouch in which to rear its young, like kangaroos and other marsupials, or pouch-bearing animals.

Ferocious Enemies to Flocks

It has as its rival or neighbour another strange, ferocious little beast, the Tasmanian devil, so-called from its incurable ferocity. But where cannot courage and kindness overcome savagery? The "untamable" Tasmanian devil has been tamed by a lady, and proves as gentle and frolicsome as a cat.

No such experiment has been tried with the thylacine, in which a dull stupidity is allied to a desperate fierceness. When White men reached Tasmania and introduced sheep they found the wolf and the smaller animal such ferocious enemies to the flocks that the marauders were hunted almost to extermination.

Australia's Flesh-Eating Animals

The last stand of the so-called wolves was made in the Tasmanian mountains, and there the last remnants of the strange, weird-looking packs are preserved under Government protection, perhaps too late to prevent the approaching doom of these unique beasts.

They are unique because, with the Tasmanian devil, they are the only native flesh-eating animals in the whole three million square miles of Australia. Nowhere on the great mainland was there one carnivore, for the dingo dog is an importation by man. In Tasmania these two kinds of savage beasts developed, primitive, sullen, intractable, not trim and symmetrical like other carnivores, but ugly, ill-shapen, with the tail, in the thylacine, enormously thick at the root, like a kangaroo's, quite different from all other flesh-eating animals' tails.

An Amazingly Ancient Past

Why should these two forms of animal have arisen in a great continent where all others were harmless vegetable feeders? All Australia's animals were shut up, when the continent became an island, when mammal life was in its early stages of development. Kangaroos must have come from the ancestral line which gave other lands their deer and antelopes; the thylacine from a strain which elsewhere branched out into lion, tiger, leopard, jaguar, puma, and wolf.

It remains more dull and primitive than any of these, and is a living relic of an amazingly ancient past. It had to be there in Nature's scheme, to check undue multiplication of herb-eating animals. But who can say why it was brought to perfection in an island of 26,000 square miles and not on the mainland, which is a whole continent?

There is a deep mystery in the story of this strange, morose savage, and the breed may all be extinct before science has time to solve it.

RUSSIA AND THE LEAGUE

WHAT SHE THINKS ABOUT IT

Clearing Up the Difficulties of the Nations

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

Now that Germany is to enter the League of Nations the thoughts of Geneva turn to Russia. It seems as if she stands entirely aloof, but that is not exactly the case; she is ready to share in part of its work.

In the first place she looks with quite a friendly eye on the Labour Organisation, and not only circulates I.L.O. publications but allows access to her own official documents for information to be used by the Labour Office.

Next we find that the replies sent to the League's invitations to conferences are by no means bald refusals. Certainly they are worded very carefully, so that instant withdrawal is possible, and in that way they remind one of a bird considering with extremely wary eye just how near it may approach the beckoning hand without being caught beyond recall. It is a strange way in which to look at League invitations, seeing that only good could come to Russia by closer cooperation with other nations; but that is her way, for the moment at all events.

Principles of the Soviet

Her reply to a letter stating that Russian representatives are to be invited to attend the World Economic Conference to be called by the League has just been received. In it M. Chicherin says that his Government considers that such a conference will be extremely useful in clearing up the international economic situation resulting from the war, and has no objection to representatives being invited. But it maintains its attitude toward the League and, "in order to render impossible any false interpretation," points out that it will only take part in meetings convened by the League if they are purely technical or of such a general humanitarian character as the principles of the Soviet Government allow it to take part in.

An Unhappy Breach

And then, unhappily, the letter lays down the condition that Russia may be represented at the conference only if it be held in a country other than Switzerland. The breach between the two countries made in 1923 when, during the Lausanne conference, a Russian was cruelly murdered and the criminal was not punished has not yet been healed.

In November last Russia did take part in an international conference called by the League. It was held in Paris, and was of a "purely technical" character, its object being to draw up a uniform system of measuring the tonnage of river-going vessels in Europe, so that the cost and trouble of re-measurement at each frontier might be avoided.

STRAND LAND DOING NOTHING

Why Not Use It?

A capital little suggestion has been made for relieving pressure on London traffic. It is the idea of making use of the vacant land round Bush House in the Strand.

There are more than ten thousand square yards of land doing nothing here while they are waiting for a purchaser. Why not level the land and allow motor-cars to be parked there, making a charge sufficient to cover expenses?

The suggestion is strongly supported by the A.A. and the R.A.C., and we hope something will come of it. What to do with motor-cars in town is a constant problem, and opportunities of this kind should not be neglected.

THE FIRST CRICKET PITCH

How it Came About

WHAT THE ANGLO-SAXON FARM GAVE TO THE WORLD

When the Australian bowlers are sending down six balls to the over against Hobbs and Sutcliffe in the Test Matches they will probably not stop to think that if they had been in England when Alfred sat on the Saxon throne they would have found a cricket pitch suitable to their prowess.

So it was, nevertheless, though the Saxons did not call it a cricket pitch, for the excellent reason that cricket had not been invented. But while the national game of the Anglo-Saxon race was more than a thousand years away in the future the cricket pitch was already fixed. It was the 22-yard breadth marking off the strips into which the acre was divided on the Saxon farms.

The acre was cut up into strips in this way even before the time of the Saxons. The custom can be traced back to north-western Europe, where some of the Danes cultivated crops in the intervals of piracy; and even the Greeks, who were a people fond of ball games when Saxons and Danes were savages, tilled their land in the same way as the Saxon farmer whose farm is still cultivated in open fields at Lexington in Nottinghamshire.

The acre was cut up into strips 22 yards broad and 220 yards long, and it will be noticed that, while 22 yards is the length of our cricket pitch, 220 yards is the distance of one of the favoured sprint foot races, while 440 yards, the quarter-mile, is an event for which the Anglo-Saxon race still holds the record time.

EIFFEL TOWER

Being Eaten by the Air

WILL RUST BRING IT DOWN?

Rust is eating a way into that tall Eiffel Tower which is the pride if not the beauty of Paris.

Paint will keep rust off for a time. The Eiffel consumes tons of it for the preservation of its constitution. But the engineers who have lately examined the lattice work of steel towering a thousand feet above the roadway, more than twice the height of St. Paul's, announce that the rust is eating into the vitals of the monster.

It is strange that the thin air which lightly fans the steel should bear such destruction in its wings. It is not the water vapour which does the damage, or the oxygen which forms that oxide of iron which is called rust; the real nuisance is the presence in the air of carbon dioxide which destroys the strongest steel triumphs of the engineer.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

An etching by Whistler . . .	£520
An etching by James McBey .	£440
17th-century Flemish tapestry .	£247
A Charles II silver tankard . .	£243
A Henry VIII silver bowl . .	£126
Goldsmith's Haunch, 1st edition	£112
A Queen Anne walnut bureau .	£59
A Tale of Two Cities, 1859 . .	£48
Boswell's Johnson, 1st edition .	£25
1st edition of Pickwick Papers .	£22
1851 New Brunswick 1s. stamp	£20
Milton's Paradise Lost, 1st ed.	£20

15,000 letters written by Juliette Drouet to Victor Hugo realised £138, and a Geneva Bible signed John Milton was sold for £41.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



King Fuad of Egypt has sent a handsome motor-car as a present to Ibn Saud, the new King of the Hejaz. Seven thousand square miles of hitherto unexplored territory have just been added to the map of Alaska.

Swansea Corporation has voted £50 to restock the reservoir with three thousand trout.

Thousands More Motors

In the last year motor vehicles in Great Britain increased by over 140,000.

Signalman B.Sc.

A G.W.R. signalman of 48 has just obtained the B.Sc. degree of London University after three years of study.

The Ever-Popular Zoo

More than 1,800,000 people, who paid over £75,000 for tickets, visited the London Zoo last year.

Ten Too Many

Sixteen people were lately found to be living in one small cottage in a village near Market Drayton.

Sugar Beet Goes Ahead

The area planted with sugar beet in England and Wales increased last year from 22,600 to 56,200 acres.

A Census of the Stars

A French astronomer estimates that the stars surrounding the Earth number approximately 35,000 millions.

Our Shrinking Cornfields

Just under a million and a half acres were sown with wheat last year in England and Wales, the lowest figure recorded since 1904.

A Treasure for Ireland

The Great Seal of Ireland, a massive piece of silver weighing 200 ounces, has been placed in the National Museum in Dublin.

Swan Stops a Colliery

A young swan, striking two overhead electric wires while flying, caused a short-circuit and stopped work at a Nottinghamshire colliery for half an hour.

Tim Number Two

Tim Number Two, the money-box dog at London Road Station, Manchester, has just died after having collected £70 a year for ten years.

Pensions for Convicts

The Finland Government is proposing a pension for every convict who receives incurable injuries while in prison, and in case of his death his family will benefit.

Any Ship, Anywhere

Through the opening of the high-power wireless station at Rugby it is now possible to send a message to any big ship, anywhere in the world, for 1s. 6d.

50 Members of the Family

"You will be treated as one of the family," said Lady Cook, wife of the High Commissioner, bidding good-bye to fifty Barnardo girls off to Australia.

A Great War Museum Picture

Mr. Sargent's great picture "Gassed" belongs to the Imperial War Museum—and not to the Tate Gallery, as was wrongly stated the other day.

1000 Bricks a Day

An earl's son, trying to beat a bricklayer, has laid a thousand bricks in a day—far more than bricklayers lay today, but not more than in pre-war days.

More Asbestos

A vein of asbestos several miles long has been discovered at Quiocek Creek, British Columbia, and the quality is said to be equal to that found in Quebec, which supplies most of the world.

Romain Rolland

Romain Rolland, the famous French author, was presented with a volume of memorial letters by readers all over the world when he celebrated his sixtieth birthday the other day. He now lives in Switzerland.

A Lady's £50,000

A lady of Montgomeryshire some years ago offered £50,000 to the Presbyterian churches of Wales if they would raise another £50,000. They have now done so, and the lady has kept her word.

NEW TOWN FOR 100,000 PEOPLE

Ratepayers as Landlords

LONDON GRAPPLING WITH THE SLUMS

The County Council is making a tremendous effort to grapple with London's terrible housing problem.

To begin with, no less than 88 acres of slums are being pulled down at a cost of over a million pounds. This means that 25,000 people will lose their homes, and as the new houses to be built where these stood will only accommodate about 18,000 of them other houses will have to be built.

Apart altogether from this work new housing estates have been bought outside London on which some 15,000 houses are now being built. The most important of these is at Becontree, between Barking and Ilford, where nearly 6000 houses have already been built and occupied, and further houses are going up at the rate of 35 a week.

A Three-Year-Old Town

This estate covers 2700 acres, and in the end there will be more than 20,000 houses upon it, housing a hundred thousand men, women, and children, whose landlords will be the ratepayers of London. Three years ago the site of this thriving town was nothing but fields and gardens.

Provision has been made for a large central park, several churches and schools, shops and cinemas. A wide belt of green will always be kept between Becontree and the rest of London.

Experiments are being made in buildings of many materials apart from bricks, the most interesting, perhaps, being the wooden houses which Swedish and Norwegian workmen are helping to build from models brought from their own country. A few houses are also being built in concrete of various colours.

Small flats can be rented in Becontree at ten shillings a week, including rates, and the highest rent for six-roomed houses is 26s.

A MAP'S LIFE BLOOD

Surveying as a Dangerous Trade

When men who do things get together they often let out little secrets of their craft which none but themselves suspect.

Who, for example, would have guessed, till Colonel W. M. Coldstream of the Indian Survey disclosed it at the Society of Arts the other day, that map-making is a dangerous trade?

Yet it is, as perhaps one ought to have guessed in remembering the wild waste places of the world to which the map-maker's duties take him. In India he passes through jungle and forest, across mountains and unbridged rivers. In the last two seasons alone there were ten deaths among the surveyors and their Indian helpers, who carried the surveying instruments and helped in the observations in the east of India. One was caught and killed in a jungle-trap set for wild animals; one of the carriers was murdered by a revengeful tribesman, another was seized by a crocodile, and another was killed by lightning in a mountain thunderstorm. Five men were killed by a tiger.

Another less grim recollection was supplied by Sir John Miller, who mentioned that the idea of making accurate maps of places and roads arose in Great Britain after the 1745 rebellion, when the Duke of Cumberland's troops continually lost their way in tracking the man called Bonnie Prince Charlie.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY TO SCHOOL AND GAVE SCHOOLS A GREAT BOOK

A Hundred Years of Lindley Murray and His Grammar
OLD YORK AND NEW YORK

It is almost certain that the great-grandfathers of most of our readers learned their English grammar from the famous books of Lindley Murray.

It is just a hundred years since this old grammarian died in his home at Holgate, near York. Let us give him a salute, for he was not only a grammarian, he was a good and kindly man.

Lindley Murray is one of the men we share with our American friends. It was in the Old America that Lindley was born, before the unhappy conflict which lost our country its colonies; but the second part of his life he spent in this country. Old York and New York were his chief homes, and he never ceased to love both.

A Strange Hiding-Place

His father at the time of Lindley's birth, in 1745, was living in Pennsylvania, and was a Quaker. By trade he was a miller. When the boy was eight the family moved to New York.

It cannot be said that in his school-days Lindley was a model for others. Possibly his father did not understand him, but in any case nothing could justify the adventure on which the boy entered when he was 14. His father had been unjust, he thought, so he ran away from home, leaving no trace behind. Other boys have done this, but it is doubtful whether any boy but Lindley ever ran away to a boarding school. It strikes us as a strange place in which to hide, but strange things happened in those early days in America.

Beginning of a New Life

Lindley stayed there for some time, and might not have been discovered had he not gone one day to Philadelphia with a friend. There he met an old acquaintance of his father, who naturally thought the boy was going back to New York and asked him to deliver an important letter in that city.

The boy took the letter, but what was he to do? He did not want to be found out, but he would not fail to keep the trust committed to him. At all costs he must go to New York.

So to New York he went, and put up at an inn near the wharf, where, sure enough, he was found by his father. The father, however, showed himself most generous and affectionate, and a new life began for the boy.

Lindley and the Elephant

Once or twice in his earlier life he visited England, and on one of his visits he had experience of the way in which elephants remember things. There was no Zoo then in London, but there were elephants in the Royal stables at Buckingham Gate. One day, curious to see what the elephant would do, the youth scraped away from him with a stick some of the food the elephant was collecting with his trunk from the floor. Jumbo was naturally angry. Six weeks after, when Lindley was looking at the same animal, though there were others with him, the elephant lashed out at him with his trunk, and if the boy had not dodged there might have been no Lindley Murray's grammar.

After practising for some years as a lawyer in New York Murray came to England and settled at Holgate, where his chief work was begun by a curious chance. There was a girls' school at York which had no grammar, so Lindley, who helped with the teaching, prepared one. It became very popular. He took care that all his examples and sentences

BRINGING THE TREES TO TOWN

Beautiful Streets for London

TEN THOUSAND TREES FROM A COUNTRY WOOD

Bermondsey Borough Council has a committee which has authority to spend ten thousand pounds a year in making Bermondsey beautiful.

It is a noble idea. It is the proud boast of Bermondsey that she planted dahlias wholesale in her public gardens before the gardeners thought of putting them in the royal parks. Now she is concentrating on trees.

Already nine thousand trees have been planted in her streets, and there will be six hundred more at the end of this winter. In the broad thoroughfares are planes and Italian poplars, but variety is aimed at as well as suitability, and in the narrower streets the selections include mountain ash, Cornish elm, wild cherry, and maple. In four years every street except one road and a few narrow alleys will be lined with trees.

But where are the trees coming from? That is an important question. We have read that those already transplanted formed "the greater part of a large wood near Longfield, Kent." That is all very well for Bermondsey. That great riverside South London district needs all the help it can get in its struggle with the drab conditions of its situation. But what about Kent? The large wood near Longfield must have been a thing of beauty; what does it look like now? We hope somebody is looking after the replacement of these ten thousand trees.

1200 MILES IN BOLIVIA

A Tribe Which Shoots at Sight

Mr. H. C. Grubb has returned from a tour through Bolivia in which he covered 1200 miles in three months on behalf of the South American Missionary Society, for which he went out to America two years ago after leaving Cambridge. His purpose was to explore the possibilities of opening up new work for the society at points round the great Central Plain in Bolivia into which the more primitive tribes of Indians are more and more retiring as civilisation begins to advance upon them. The simple people he met always welcomed him with great friendliness; but he has not yet penetrated among the members of the desperate Sirione tribe, who, it is said, will shoot at sight either a White man or a Red Indian.

One of the few industries in the more developed parts of the country is the cultivation and crushing of the sugarcane. The crushing is done in a primitive mill worked by mules, and all the sugar thus produced is consumed locally.

Continued from the previous column

should be such as would instruct and improve his readers, and was very careful to teach them to be correct, and even elegant, in their writing. To make a perfect sentence we need four things, he said—clearness, unity, strength, and a judicious use of the parts of speech. He was severe about the profuse use of metaphors and did not like them mixed; he would have shaken his head sadly over Shakespeare's "take arms against a sea of troubles." But his instructions were sensible, and no doubt our great-grandfathers, when they sat down to write letters, remembered his good counsels.

For 16 years before he died Murray was an invalid, but he was always cheerful. He was a good neighbour, and among other services he did for his friends, when he could no longer walk himself, was to make a walk for others from Holgate to York.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

The Fall of Cromwell's Son

On February 14, 1659, Richard Cromwell was recognised by Parliament.

Richard Cromwell shortly after had to flee to the Continent to avoid arrest, and to spend twenty years in exile. Put not your trust in princes nor in revolutionary Governments.

In my collection of Cromwellian manuscripts there is a curious little document, relating to a shagreen trunk, entirely in the handwriting of Richard Cromwell. One wonders what the trunk contained and what has become of it. It is related in some of the histories of the time that when Richard was removing from Whitehall he ordered his servants to be very careful of two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe. Upon a friend asking him what they contained that he should be so anxious about them, he replied, "Why, no less than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England." They contained the addresses of congratulations upon his accession to power from all parts of the kingdom.

SIR RICHARD TANGYE

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Origin of the Word Tanner for Sixpence?

The Oxford Dictionary says the origin of this term is uncertain.

How may Old Copper Coins be Cleared of Verdigris?

Immerse the coins in pure sweet oil and wipe dry with a soft rag.

Are Haloes ever Seen round Street Gas Lamps?

Yes; in certain conditions of the atmosphere haloes are seen round street lamps in the same way as they are seen round the Moon. The explanation generally is that the light is broken up by tiny particles of frozen moisture in the air.

What were the Flashing Streaks of Light I Saw in the Night Sky Recently?

If they were in a northerly direction they were no doubt the flashings of the Aurora Borealis or Northern Lights; if in another direction, probably they were the reflections of distant lightning, that is if they were not due to searchlights being flashed upwards.

Was the Year 1900 a Leap Year?

The last year of a century is not a leap year unless its number is divisible by 400; therefore 1800 and 1900 had only 365 days. This omission of the extra day is to keep the calendar accurate. A leap year every fourth year adds a little too much in the long run.

Which Language has the Biggest Vocabulary?

Probably the English, but it is impossible to say how many words there are in the language as the number increases almost daily. In the great Oxford Dictionary, from volume one to nine, which is the last to be completed so far, containing the words from A to Th, there are altogether 353,770.

What are the Weight and Age of the Earth?

The weight or, to be more accurate, the mass, of the Earth is 6000 million million million tons, that is 6 followed by 21 noughts. As to the age of our planet estimates vary enormously, and the data are too uncertain for definite figures. It is generally agreed, however, that the Earth in its present form is very many millions of years old.

What is the Origin of the Three Crowns of the Pope's Tiara?

Dr. Brewer says that the papal headdress was surmounted by a high coronet in 1295 by Boniface VIII. The second coronet was added in 1335 by Benedict XII to indicate the prerogatives of spiritual and temporal power combined. The third coronet is indicative of the Trinity, but it is not known who first adopted it. Pope Pius IX referred in 1871 to "the symbol of my threefold dignity, in Heaven, upon Earth, and in Purgatory."

SPOTS ON THE SUN

WHAT THEY REALLY ARE

Fierce Storms Raging Among Clouds of Fire

HOW THEY AFFECT THE EARTH

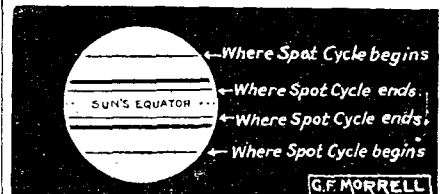
By the C.N. Astronomer

Terrific tornadoes of fire are now a continuous feature of the Sun.

The effect of them has been felt on our Earth, abnormal weather and disturbed electric and magnetic conditions being the immediate result, and leading to less obvious but often more serious consequences, which are gradually being traced by patient research.

The colossal storms which have been rending the surface of the Sun appear in small telescopes like spots on a radiant and placid disc, hence the popular name for these solar eruptions, Sun Spots.

But many of these so-called spots were large enough to envelop at once several worlds as large as ours. The scene revealed to astronomers through powerful and suitably equipped telescopes, aided with the spectroheliograph, may be visualised thus. Entirely covering the Sun are innumerable bunches of clouds, some bunches averaging an area large enough to cover our world; these are suspended in layers in the solar atmosphere, some thousands of miles above his denser "surface," but they are clouds of fire, flaming hydrogen, helium, and calcium.



The lines across the Sun's disc indicate the latitude of Sun spots at different periods, the thick lines showing the latitudes north and south in which the spots are now appearing

Still deeper down in this colossal and surging whirl of fire are clouds of metallic vapours. All are radiant with fiery and electrical energy at a white heat between 5500 and 6000 degrees Centigrade, twice that of an electric arc light.

Now, during the last two years this orderly state of things has exhibited occasional disturbance, and cyclonic storms and rents in this incandescent cloud covering of lighter elements have occurred. Slight at first and in high solar latitudes, about 40 degrees (or 295,000 miles) north and south of the Sun's equator, they have been gradually increasing until, during the last three months, these solar storms have attained great intensity, and in a little over a year's time they will be at their maximum.

Where the Upheavals Occur

A remarkable circumstance is that as these great eruptive vortices increase and approach maximum they make their appearance at a point nearer and nearer to the Sun's equator, so that now they are occurring in a region about 150,000 miles north and south of his equator. The picture makes this clear. After reaching their maximum both in number and intensity, which occurs when they are about 16 degrees (or 118,000 miles) north and south of the Sun's equator, they begin to decline in intensity, size, and numbers.

But they still continue to make their appearance nearer to his equator until, in some 9 or 10 years time, they will die out, the last few remaining upheavals occurring between 50,000 and 70,000 miles north and south of the solar equator, scarcely any occurring within the equatorial belt of solar calm about 100,000 miles wide.

As these die out a fresh series of cyclones begins again in high latitudes as before. So a new cycle starts, which reacts upon our world, producing a cycle of varying winters and summers which can be clearly traced in its effect on life and physical conditions. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Mars, Jupiter, and Venus in the south-east; Saturn south.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 39

At Any Cost

GARRY had felt positive of success. With the shock of the revelation that he had failed the waters of disappointment closed over his head.

There was nothing left to do now but make his way back and tell them that Feddon was gone, and let Feddon pay for his folly.

Exit Feddon in disgrace. That's what it amounted to. How fine for Feddon's father!

With this bitter thought for his company, he trudged his way from the station and started back. But he had not gone many yards before he pulled up. A fixed look mounted his face, a hard, fighting look.

"I'm not beaten yet," he muttered. "I'm not beaten yet."

Having risked so much he would risk the rest. As it was only two hours since Feddon was here he would make one more shot to recover him before night-time.

For it looked as if Feddon were trying to tramp somewhere on foot, and what might happen to him if he wasn't found?

"Why, anything might happen to him!" growled Garry.

He found the woman again at the door of her shop, and when she perceived him alone her expression grew grave.

"He wasn't there?" she exclaimed. "Then it was him, my daughter saw."

"Your daughter saw—where?" Garry cried at her.

"She's only just this minute come in and told me. She works in the pottery at Fannings, and had left for home at six when she met the lad hurrying."

She called her daughter. The girl repeated the story and gave a description of the fugitive which satisfied Garry, whose eyes were shining long ere she came to the end.

Fannings? Fannings wasn't the end of the world! He'd follow fast to Fannings, and find Feddon yet.

"Can I get something to drive in?" he cried.

They told him that he might find a trap at the butcher's, but, on second thoughts, they doubted if he would be open.

"Try," said the woman, "and if you can't make him hear, come back here, and maybe I'll find you a lift."

After losing ten minutes in trying to get hold of the butcher, Garry returned, to find the good creature closing her shop. She informed him that a motor-van passed every evening.

"About half-past seven," said she. "It's the carrier's van on its way home to Fannings."

"Will he give me a lift?"

"Trust me," she said, smiling. "It's driven by the young man what's engaged to my lassie."

They scanned the road together. Each minute seemed hours. In the distance a cloud of dust gathered, drawing nearer and nearer till in the cloud a vehicle framed itself.

"That's him!" cried the woman triumphantly, waving her arms.

The motor-van slowed down and paused, throbbing, beside them.

The curly-headed young man at the steering-wheel appeared to have no words to spare from his driving. He heard what was wanted, gave Garry a nod to jump up, and said nothing except, "I'll run you there next to no time."

The next time he opened his lips was when they arrived. Then he signalled his passenger with a second nod to alight, ejaculated "Good luck!" and jerked to a standstill.

Garry had been wondering whether he dared to offer him money, but Curly Head had dashed off with his horn sounding furiously. He had made his promise good about "next to no time." It was just twenty minutes to eight as they sped into Fannings.

Little by little, and imperceptibly almost, a new resolve had been forming in Garry's mind. Bit by bit his intention of inventing some excuse for his absence had been dissolving under his repugnance to lie-telling. He had liked it less and less as he had had time to think it over.

He had been picturing The Maypole's grave eyes searching his face ere remarking, perhaps: "Well, I must report to the headmaster." In his thoughts he had flinched from those gentle, grave eyes thus regarding him, and from the certainty that The Maypole would take his word. Ah, that's where it stung so: The Maypole would take his word for it, as always he did if you gave him your word of honour.

With this Garry knew that he could not go back with lies—and keep the lies up. He couldn't—it wasn't in him.

How that prospect had been gnawing the back of his mind was not realised by him till he reached this decision. Then, all at once, he felt lighter in spirit and body. Much of his physical tiredness actually left him, just as if he had been freed of a physical load.

And what a load off his mind. He saw his way clear. He would hunt here for Feddon and overtake him. And he'd make him come back, whatever the time was; in a car or on foot they'd get back to the School, and tell The Maypole the truth and take all the consequences. Would Feddon be expelled for running away if he'd had the pluck to change his mind and come back and face it?

Garry didn't think they would expel him for that. He believed that The Maypole would intercede with the Head.

A wry little smile was playing round Garry's lips now. Another thought, an unwelcome thought, had just pricked him. Fancy! The School would suppose he was running away too!

For, of course, the pair of them had been missed by this. The people had gone into Prep. a few minutes ago, and everyone would be asking "Where's Feddon? Where's Garry?" Round would fly the answer: "They've both run away!"

What a song Sappy Tadworth would make about it.

"We have driven Garry away!" he would boast.

Probably Garry's thoughts were doing injustice to Tadworth. Fantastic, perhaps, his assumption that Sappy would gloat. But make this allowance for Garry. He had gone through a lot; his mind was much overwrought; and the strain was telling.

Feverishly he began his new quest for Feddon.

CHAPTER 40

In the Storm

HUNGER assailed him now, for he had eaten nothing since dinner.

He dashed into a baker's shop as it was closing and bought a loaf of bread, which he tore into pieces greedily. There was lemonade on the counter, but just as he had ordered a bottle he remembered that he might want every farthing he had on him in case he had to spend to get back to the School. So reluctantly he asked for water instead.

When he had paid for the loaf he counted his money. He found that he was left with four shillings and two pennies—thanks, he reflected, to yesterday being pocket-money day, and to Snipple's repayment of a shilling which he had borrowed. Well, four-and-two-pence wouldn't go very far, but, at any rate, he couldn't be totally stumped. And Feddon would have more on him, so together they could raise enough for a car.

But how to set about it now? That was the question. The shops

were closed, the basket-workers and pottery hands had knocked off work long ago, the streets were deserted. Presently they would echo to footsteps again as the workers, refreshed, bustled out to the picture palace, the only attraction in this little half-town, half-village. Very few people were about now. Whom could he question?

The intense heat of the afternoon had departed, but Garry had been too much concerned with his own affairs to notice how the sky had grown gradually overcast. Now, very abruptly, a splash of hot rain descended, and with an almost equal abruptness ceased. But, dashing for shelter, he found he had taken refuge under the glass portico of the picture palace, above which a row of pallid lights flickered and danced.

On the steps of the picture hall stood a massive doorkeeper; an immense and ponderous man in a shabby red uniform, who advanced and gave the sky a suspicious glance.

"I'm!" Garry heard him mutter. "It's brewing a storm."

He turned and saw Garry. "You'd better come in," he said.

Garry shook his head. "Can you tell me, please—" he began. But the doorkeeper, brushing some rain off his sleeve, went on coaxingly in a voice like a bull's: "Ninepence'll buy you a fauteuil. Come on. Try ninepennorth, sir. We'll be back at the programme's start in a very few minutes. Better secure your seat, sir, before we get busy."

"I say," exclaimed Garry. "I expect you've been standing here all the afternoon, so have you happened to notice a pale boy without a cap?" He added a hurried word of description of Feddon.

The man rejoined in an unconcerned tone: "You've just missed him."

He began to pace to and fro. Garry looked at him hard. There was plenty of him to look at, and Garry liked all of it. His face and figure wore such a comfortable air, and in the cheerfulness manner imaginable he kept clicking the fingers first of one hand, then of the other, and then of both hands together, making a tune of it. His hands were like the rest of him—red and enormous.

On the impulse, Garry sprang forward and poured out his trouble. He told him what had happened and why he was there.

The man's hands stopped clicking. "Now, that's bad," he said.

"Half a jiff, sir."

He had had to turn to swing his doors apart for some customers. Two strides brought him back again, a vast, bustling figure.

"Now, listen," he said, in the best he could do at a whisper. "A

lad such as you describe, and without a cap, came in here very soon after six. He left the hall again only ten minutes ago. I noticed him pretty well, as I notice them all."

"But what"—Garry caught at his breath—"what should bring him in here?"

"Well, there you've beat me, unless he came in to hide. I always says a picture hall is a good place to hide in. Who's going to distinguish you when the lights are down?"

"But—"

"Half a minute, sir. Now, see here, sir"—the kindly fellow drew Garry aside—"there's a storm brewing, so take my advice and get back." He fumbled at the breast of his shabby uniform and looked a little perplexed and more flushed than ever. "I can tell you where there's a car to be hired," he said. "And if so be as you want the price of its hire—well, I'll give you my name, so you'll know where to send it back."

Just at first Garry did not sense what he meant. But when he understood that the man was offering to lend him the money, when he saw, in fact, that one of those red, immense hands was clumsily drawing a treasury note from a purse, he shrank back and a lump came into his throat. "Oh, no!" he gulped. "Oh, no; I couldn't do that!"

"You'd better," said the man, who was watching his face.

"No, thanks ever so much," Garry gulped again. "But, please, I'll have the address where they've got the car."

"He's a pal of mine," said the other, restoring his purse. "You tell him Bob Stevens sent you, and he'll see you right." With a stub of pencil he wrote the address on an envelope. "There! Off you go!" he urged. "You'll be back in no time."

"I'll have a shot at finding my man first," muttered Garry.

"Well, when he left here he turned to the right up the street."

Shyly Garry's hand stole forward and grabbed at that huge one, in which it was smothered up and swallowed an instant. Then he turned and dashed down the steps, and, as he raced off, the sky was suddenly stabbed by a fiery flame, and, like the rumble of guns in the distance, followed the thunder. He heard a shout from the picture palace pursuing him. But he ducked his head and sped on, pulling his coat-collar tight up to his ears as he ran.

While the lightning played overhead and the thunder drew nearer he raced on, overtaking at every few yards people hurrying homeward, and darting his frantic way between them or round them. They saw in him only a boy in haste to get home.

Leaving the pavement for the middle of the road, he rushed on with his eyes searching both sides for Feddon. His intention was to follow the street to its end and see what became of it—a long country road perhaps? If he didn't find Feddon before he might find him there, or encounter someone who had seen him go by.

A poor thread. But not too poor, for he knew this for certain—that his man must be somewhere quite close, and had possibly stopped to take shelter.

That kept clattering at Garry's brain as he ran. "He's somewhere quite close—he's somewhere quite close. Don't give up!"

How long the winding street seemed! Ah, here was the end of it. A little square, with trees on one side and white houses, but straight in front a broad cart-bridge that rose and dipped sharply. As he breasted it a gust of rain dashed in his face, and without further warning the downfall began. It seemed to blot out the lightning, to still the thunder; it took his breath as he tried to battle through it, and drenched him.

He crouched beneath the stone parapet of the bridge.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Modern Sage

FOUR years before the close of the eighteenth century a boy was born into the home of a Scottish village stonemason, a fine workman of high character and much respected. The lad was sent to school in the nearest small town, and studied so well that he entered Edinburgh University before he was fourteen.

It was hoped he would become a minister, for he had a serious mind, though he also had a spice of rather grim humour. But he decided that his best way of influencing men was through his pen. On leaving college he earned his living first as a teacher of mathematics and then as a private tutor.

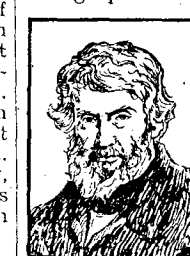
German literature was then at its prime, and as he had become a sound German scholar he set himself the task of translating the best German books and calling attention to such German writers as Goethe, Schiller, and Richter. Presently his writings in reviews made him a very modest living without teaching, and when he was thirty he married a bright little Scottish lady as clever as himself.

His wife had a lonely farm, and before long they went to it and lived on it, while his brother farmed the land. There, in a solitude which oppressed the little lady, her husband wrote, or planned, books that made him famous. He did not, however, easily get them published. The first, and best, told of his views about life, the blessedness of work, the need for sincerity, and how a firm faith makes a man a conqueror.

He and his wife were almost poor, and neither was strong in health. Gradually it became clear that a most remarkable writer had appeared, though his way of writing was unlike that of anyone else. Thoughtful people everywhere were interested.

Next, a change was made to London, and there a book on history picturing the French Revolution was written, which caught the world's attention. Other books on history and politics followed and brought fame and comfort by their success. As a lecturer, too, the stonemason's son drew fashionable London to hear him.

Few writers have ever been able to feel so certainly as this man felt that his countrymen thought him a great man. But his later life was shadowed by the sudden death of his clever wife. He lived to be very old, and it was one of the pathetic sights of London to see him riding up from Chelsea in a bus,



heavily cloaked and with a big hat, a solitary man, successful, honoured, but very lonely. People still make pilgrimages to see where he lived; and you may find his statue there. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



The Wilderness Shall Blossom as the Rose



D! MERRYMAN

A MAN went into a bookseller's shop and said:
"I want a pocket edition of the complete works of Shakespeare, please, but it must be in large print."

□ □ □

A Dropped Letter

FOR first please track
An African Black;
Drop out the centre, and see
That an emperor's name—
It is of fame—
My next will surely be.

Solution next week

□ □ □

Is Your Name Scarfe?

THIS surname may have one of two origins. It may be from the neckwear, an ancestor of the Scarves being known by some distinctive scarf which he used to wear; or it may be from an old Norse word still used in the Orkneys for the cormorant and shag. Probably the original Scarf hunted the birds, or he may have been called a scarf for some fancied resemblance to the bird.

□ □ □

WHY is petrol like the goods put in a ship?
Because it makes the cargo.

□ □ □

A Transformation

QUOTH a Swordfish deep down in the sea,
"Any change is attractive to me."
So he notched his long nose
(With a file, I suppose),
And today a fine Saw-fish he is!

□ □ □

Quick Promotion

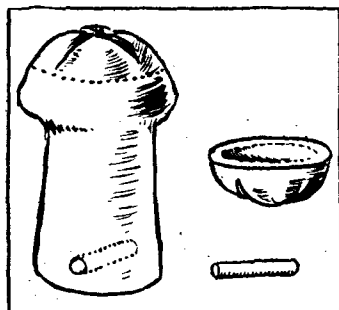
A YOUNG man sent some specimens of his writings to a famous author and asked for advice. He wanted the author to recommend a magazine with which he could obtain a high position quickly.

The author replied: "The only way you can obtain a high position quickly is to contribute a fiery article to a powder magazine."

□ □ □

The Magic Cork

TAKE a cork of the shape shown in the drawing and cut off about half an inch of the top. With a sharp penknife hollow out this top portion, and then melt some lead and pour it into the little cavity. Now fasten the top on to the cork



How the Magic Cork is made

again with glue, and, when it is dry, rub the rounded end with sandpaper to give it a smooth surface.

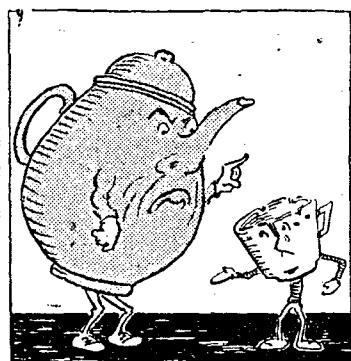
When this has been done we can amuse our friends by showing them a cork that insists on standing on its head.

If we wish to make the cork vary its tricks by lying on its side this can be done by boring a hole near the bottom of the cork and cutting a piece of iron wire or a nail that will just fit in the hole. With this extra weight the cork will lie down, but as soon as we take out the iron plug the cork will stand on its head again.

WHAT is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes and yet is as light as a feather?
Your breath.

□ □ □

Come-Alive Characters



The Cup of sorrow

"I'm rather out of form, I think," Complained the damaged Cup,
"But if for me you'll pour a drink, Perhaps 'twill cheer me up."
"To fancy you can hold hot tea Is foolishness. In fact,"
The Pot replied, "twixt you and me, I'm certain that you're cracked."

□ □ □

Beheaded Words

BEHEAD a fish and leave a girl's name.
Behead "lost" and leave an article to place things on.
Behead a great English navigator and leave a gardener's tool.
Behead an animal and leave a part of the body.
Behead a stream and leave a bird.
Behead a European country and leave suffering.

Answers next week

□ □ □

WHAT is the difference between an oak tree and a tight boot?
One makes acorns and the other makes corns ache.

□ □ □

What Did the Hostess Say?

A LADY was instructing the new maid in her duties at the table when visitors were present.
"Before you take away a plate," she said, "always ask the guest if he would like any more."

A few days later an important man was dining at the house, and when the maid saw that his plate was empty she said to him:

"Would you like some more soup, sir?"

"Yes, please," replied the important guest.

"Well, sir," said the maid, "there isn't any left."

□ □ □

Buried Battles

IN each of the following sentences the name of a well-known battle is hidden. Can you find them all?

I'm afraid that boy never tries to improve himself.

When that wallpaper fades it will be pink, I expect.

Hindustani leads the Indian tongues.

Jack said that he would unbar the door if he were asked.

He went to remind Enid of her promise.

Answers next week

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

An Arithmetical Puzzle 99%

Hidden Fish

The objects were CART, SHOE, ANVIL, COACH, HAWK. From these words we take the letters to make Roach, Whale, and Shark.

Four Mysterious Numbers

The Roman numerals for thirteen—XIII. If they are cut in half horizontally the top half is VIII—eight.

What Is It? The letter C

Jacko Finds Some Treasure

MR. JACKO was very annoyed when all the lights went out one evening. Supper was on the table, and, as he was in the middle of cutting the bread, he said he might quite well have had a serious accident.

"All right, Father, stay where you are," said Mrs. Jacko. "I will fetch a candle." And she groped her way carefully out of the room.

Jacko rather enjoyed all the confusion. He made a dive for the biscuit tin, and altogether he did quite well while the darkness lasted. In fact, by the time Mrs. Jacko came back with a light all sorts of things had disappeared from the table.

But Mrs. Jacko was much too worried to notice.

"I can't understand the lights going out like this," she said. "This new-fangled electricity doesn't seem nearly so good as the old lamps."

Suddenly Jacko made himself heard.

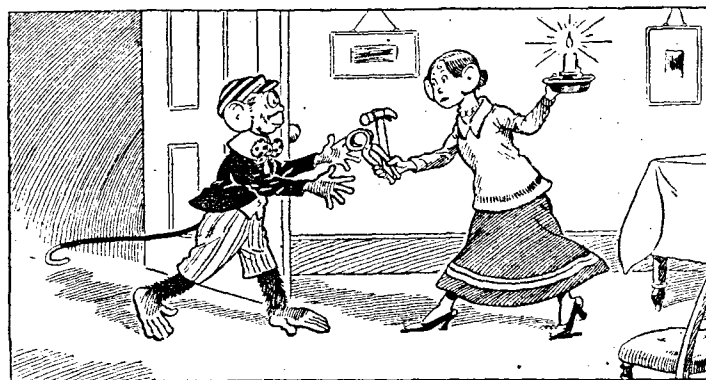
"Tell you what, Mater," he said, "I believe I could put the lights right in a jiffy."

"I don't want the house wrecked," said Mr. Jacko crossly.

But Mrs. Jacko seemed to think that Jacko's suggestion was an excellent one.

"No doubt the boy understands the wires," she said, hopefully. "They teach them all sorts of wonderful things at school nowadays."

Unfortunately Jacko by no means understood the wires, as Mrs. Jacko called it. He had no idea how to set about the job,



Mrs. Jacko gave him the tools and sent him to the coal cellar

but he couldn't resist the fun of meddling with something that didn't concern him.

Mrs. Jacko gave him some tools and told him that he had better start investigations in the coal cellar.

"I've seen some wires there," she said, "and I shouldn't wonder if they have something to do with the lights."

Jacko was down in the kitchen and through to the coal cellar in no time. It was rather fun, though Mrs. Jacko wouldn't let him take a light with him. She had confused electricity with gas, and thought there might be an explosion.

Jacko groped about in the cellar and prodded the walls. He couldn't find any wires, but in a corner he saw a tin box.

Jacko fairly jumped with excitement.

"Coo! treasure!" he exclaimed.

Unfortunately he couldn't find out how to open the box in the dark, but at last he managed to break in one of the sides. And, sure enough, out poured a stream of coins!

"Come here, everybody!" he shouted. "Look what I've found!"

Mrs. Jacko forgot all about her fear of explosions. She rushed into the cellar with a lighted candle; but when she saw what Jacko was up to she nearly collapsed.

"Help!" she gasped. "He has opened the gas meter box!"

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Tale of a Swan

A story comes from Exeter which reminds us of the faithfulness of animals to those who have been kind to them.

A short time ago a swan, while in flight collided with some telegraph wires and fell into a river apparently dead.

A ferryman who had seen the incident picked up the bird, and found that it had broken its neck. He made the bird a pair of splints, and gradually nursed it back to health. The swan is said to be now devoted to its kind rescuer, and follows the ferryman about.

L'Histoire d'un Cygne

Un récit venant d'Exeter, nous rappelle la fidélité des animaux envers ceux qui ont été bons pour eux.

Il y a peu de temps un cygne, en plein vol, se heurta contre des fils de télégraphe et tomba dans la rivière, en apparence mort.

Un passeur, qui avait vu l'incident, ramassa l'oiseau, et découvrit qu'il s'était cassé le cou. Il lui fabriqua deux éclisses, et peu à peu le soigna jusqu'à ce qu'il fût guéri. On dit que le cygne est fort attaché à son brave sauveteur, et suit le passeur partout.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Hiding Place

PETER wanted to sit down and cry. He had lost his kitten Smut; he had not seen it for a whole day now.

Smut was such a pretty little thing with its fluffy tail and white shirt-front.

"I hope someone will feed it," said Peter's mother.

"If you please, ma'am"—it was Alice the cook at the door—"the kitten has come back. I've given it some milk."

Peter hadn't waited to hear this last sentence. He was down the stairs into the kitchen. There was Smut drinking contentedly.

"You won't run away again, will you?" he said as he stroked it.

Smut purred, but seemed very pleased to lie in front of the fire beside Peter.

Now, it must have been the lovely warm fire which made Peter just have "forty winks." He awoke with a start and looked for Smut. She had disappeared.

Alice hadn't seen the kitten; neither had Mother. They looked everywhere—in the dining-room, the kitchen, even in the larder. But she wasn't there, and she wasn't in any of the bed-rooms, or in the bath-room, or in the hall. Peter really did cry this time.

"Oh, Mummy, she's gone for good now!"

"Well, Peter, we won't despair just yet. We'll walk along the street and ask at the different houses. Everyone knows our kitty, and they will tell us if they have seen her. I must put on my boots because it is so wet."

"I'll fetch them, Mummy!" cried Peter; and he ran to



Out jumped Smut

mother's bed-room. He knew where her boots were kept, those high, brown Russian boots which he admired so much. He picked them up, then he nearly let them drop. Inside one a cat was miaowing.

Peter put in his hand and out jumped Smut!

"How did you fall in there?" Peter asked.

But Smut only went on purring. She was so pleased to get out of the boot that she never was lost again.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

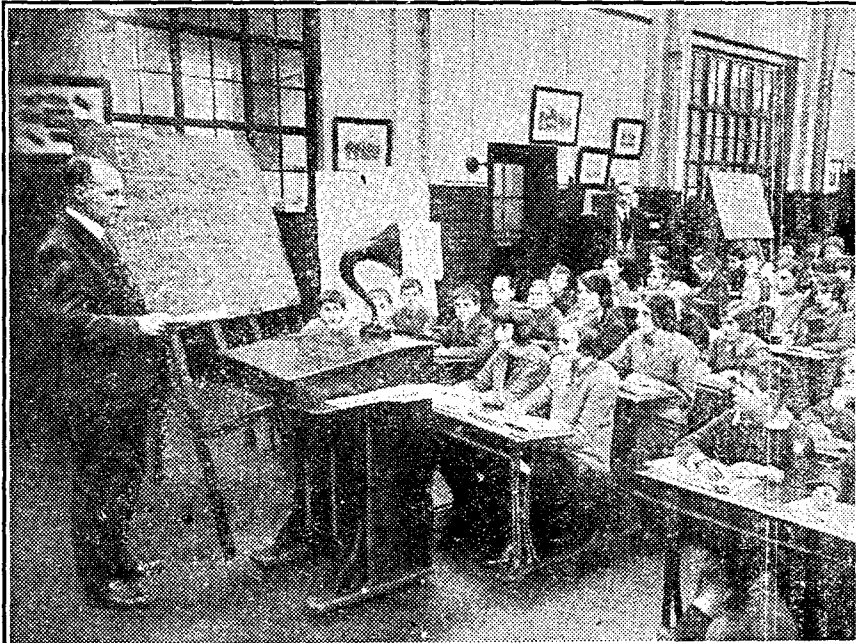
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 20, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

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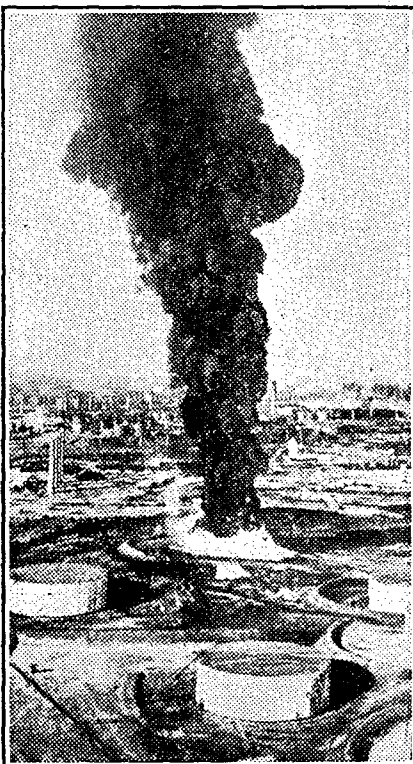
WIRELESS LESSONS • FISHING IN FLEET STREET • AIRMAN'S SIGNAL-BOX



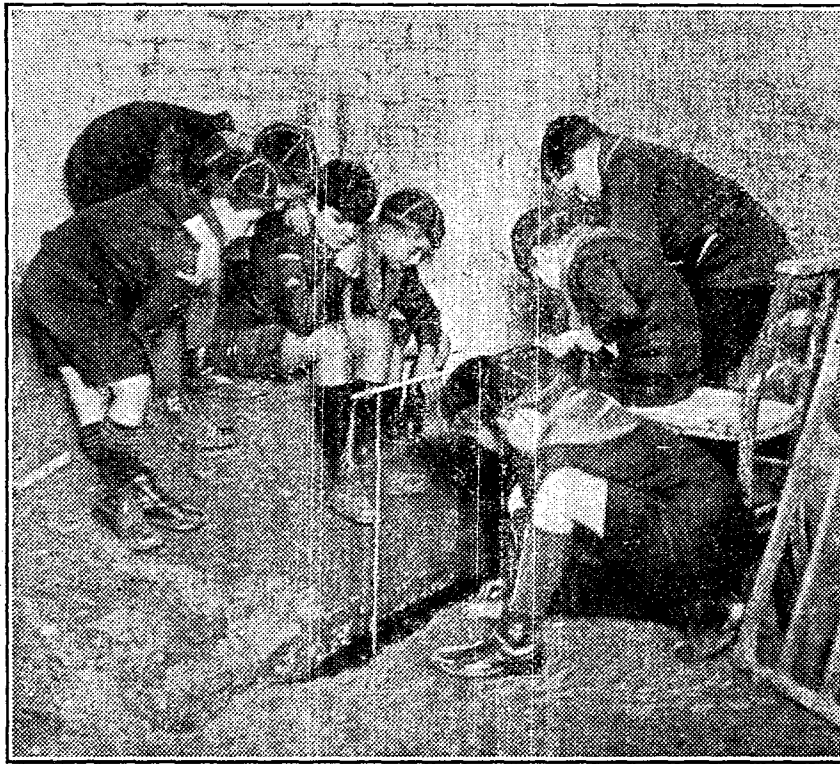
Wireless Lessons in School—At several schools in Wolverhampton the pupils now receive broadcast lectures from Birmingham and afterwards write essays on what they have heard



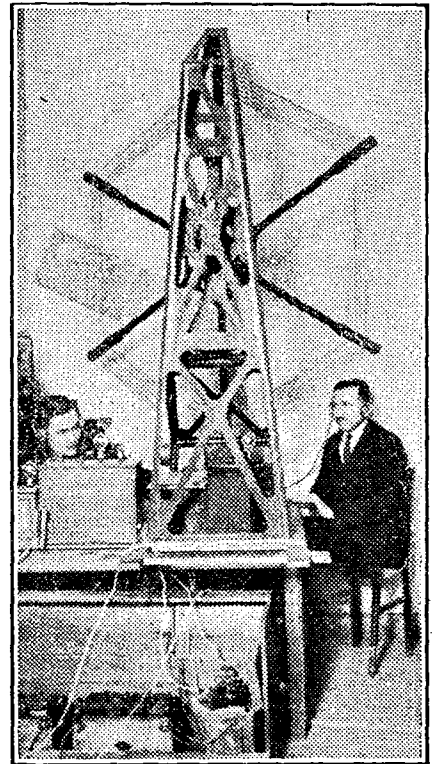
The Prime Minister Off Duty—Here is a happy snapshot of Mr. Baldwin, taken in a quiet moment during his recent Scottish tour. He is taking great interest in a prize goat



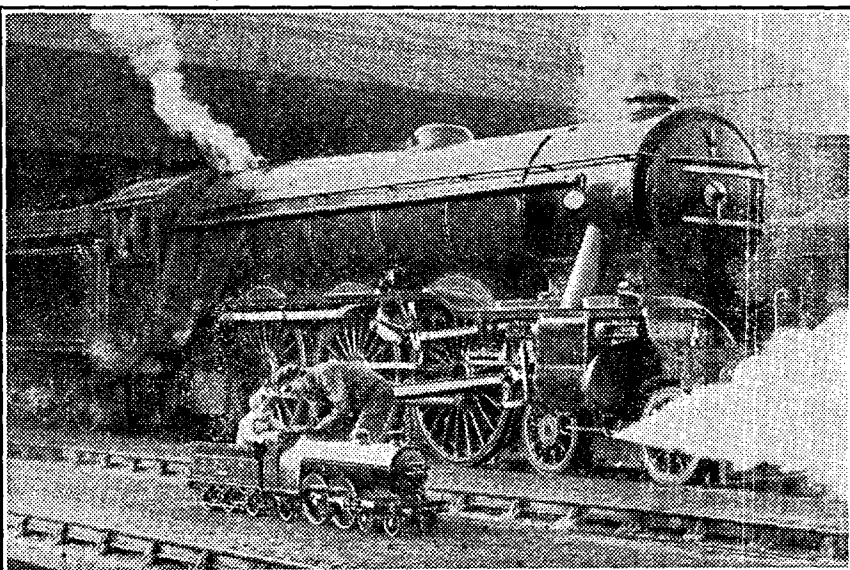
An Artificial Volcano—Near Los Angeles lately a 55,000-barrel oil-tank exploded, sending up smoke and flames to a great height, and here we see the column rising



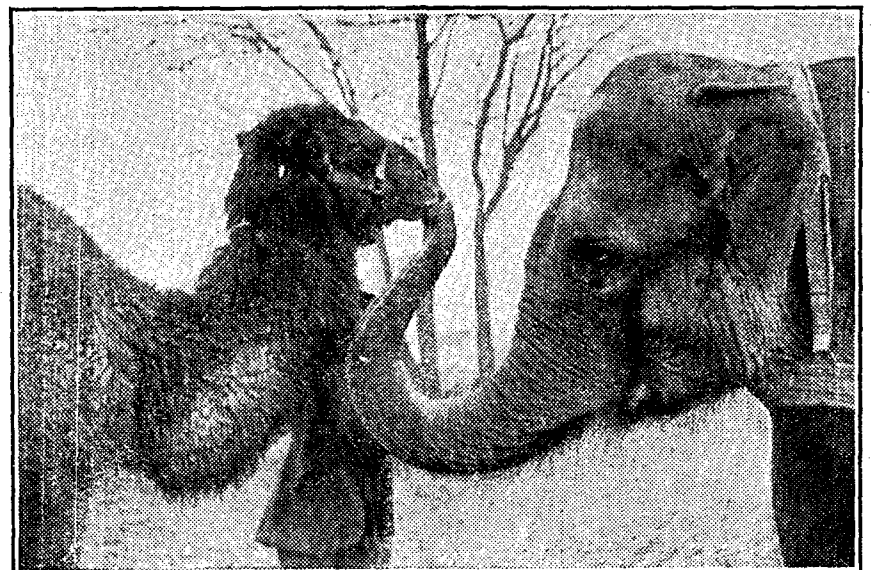
Fishing in Fleet Street—It will surprise most Londoners to learn that a tributary of the famous Fleet River, long since covered over like the Fleet itself, and still running under the church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street, has small fish in it. Here we see a party of Wolf Cubs angling through a crack in the floor of the crypt of the church



An Air Line's Signal-Box—Here is the inside of the wireless station at Le Bourget, the aeroplane terminus for Paris, which is in touch with machines from London



Dignity and Impudence—Though there is a great difference in size between these two engines, they are really alike in structure, the little one being modelled on the big L.N.E.R. express. The big engine-driver is giving the little one a technical lesson before starting off for a run



The Elephant Says Good-night—As part of their training, and also in order to keep them well, some of the animals of Sanger's Circus often work in the fields, the elephants doing a good deal of ploughing. Here is Jumbo greeting the camel at the end of the day's work

DO ANIMALS BREAK THEIR HEARTS?—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

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